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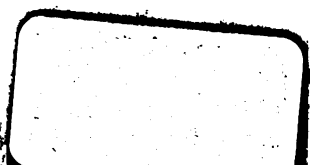
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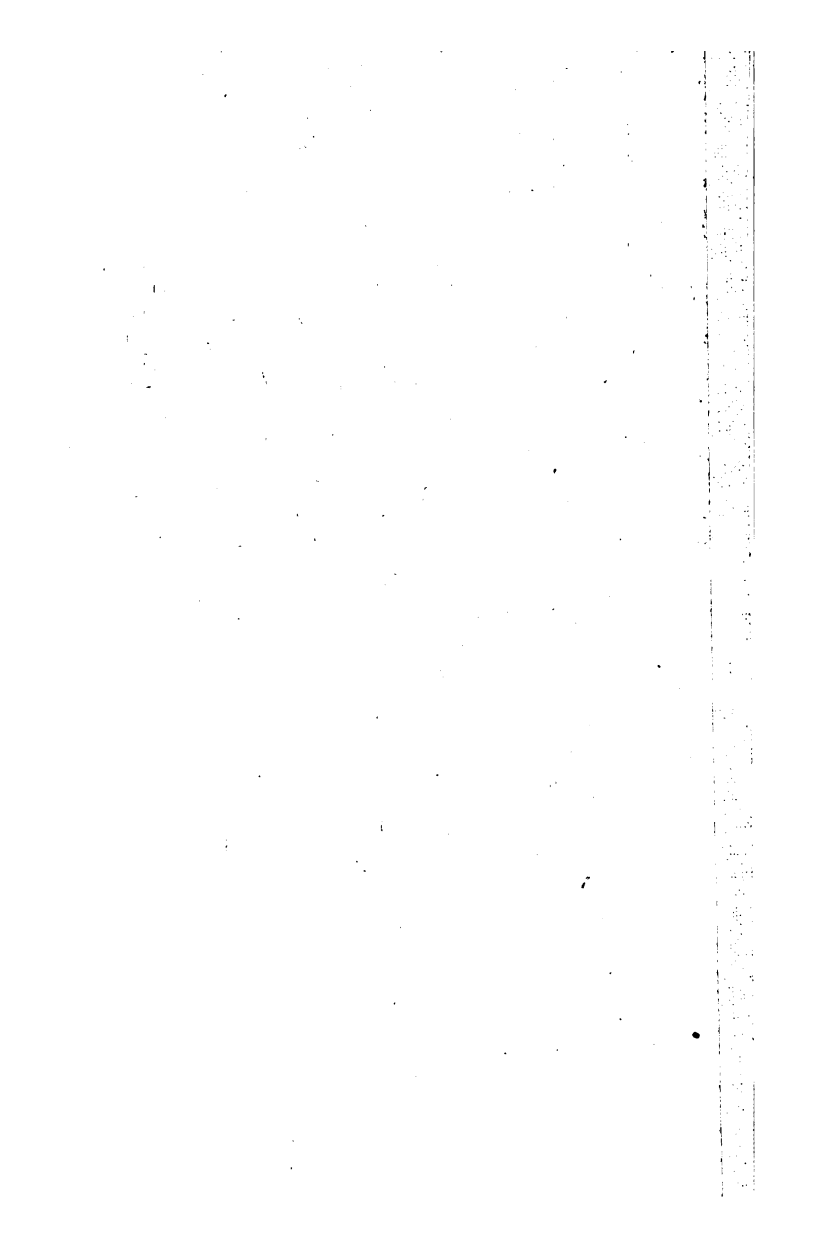
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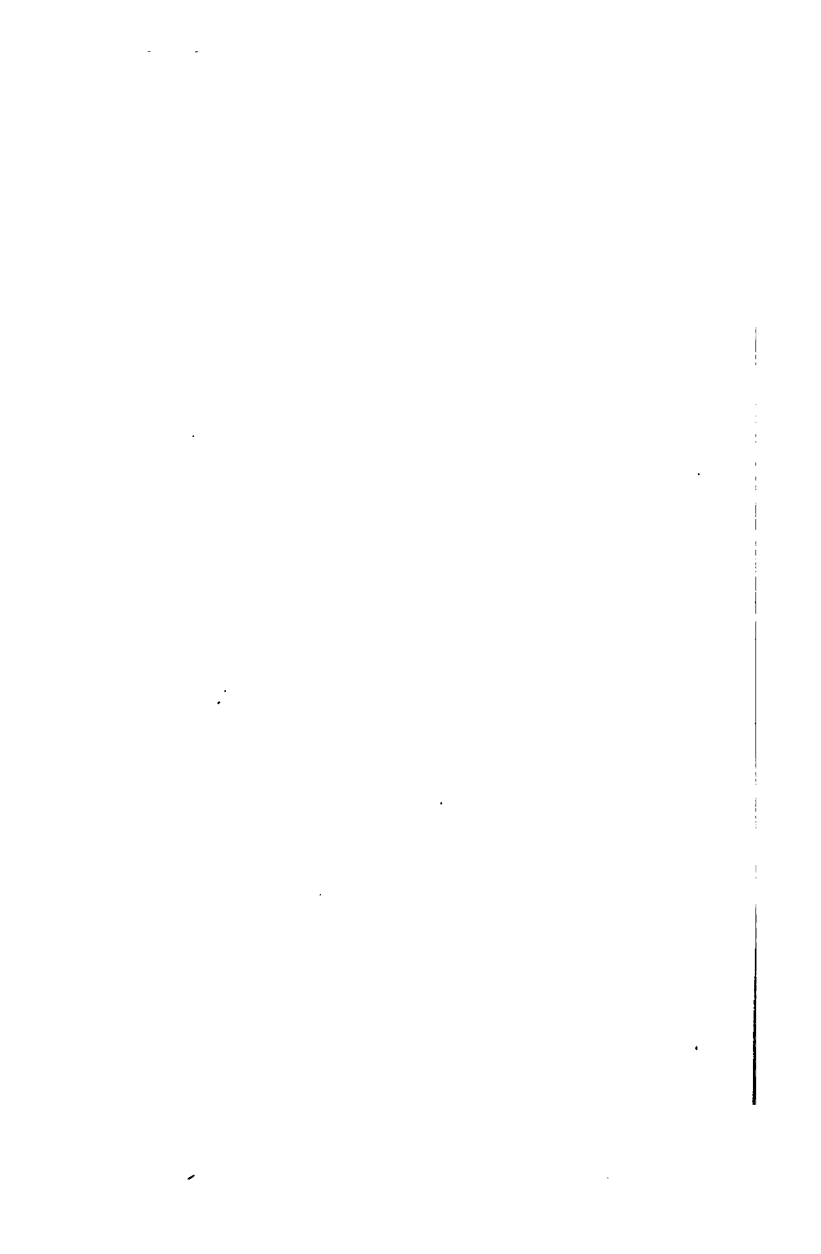


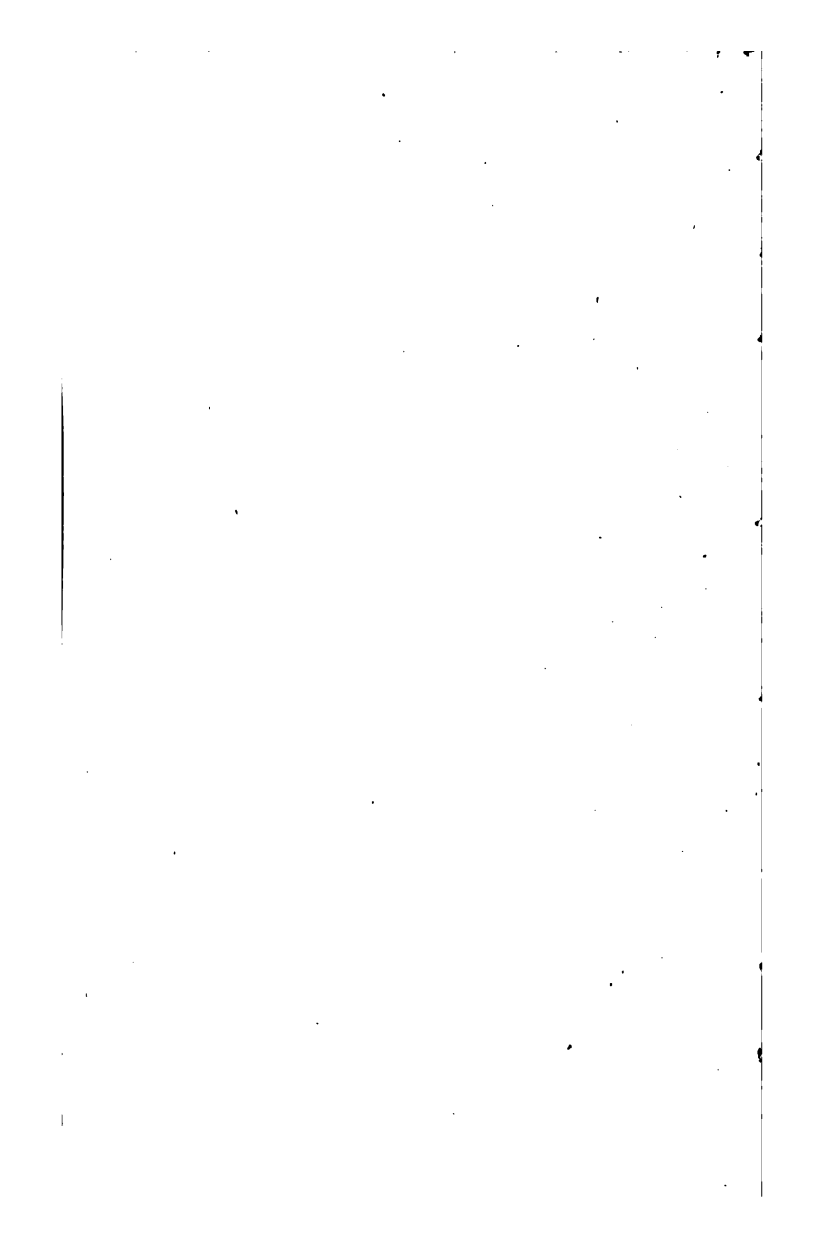
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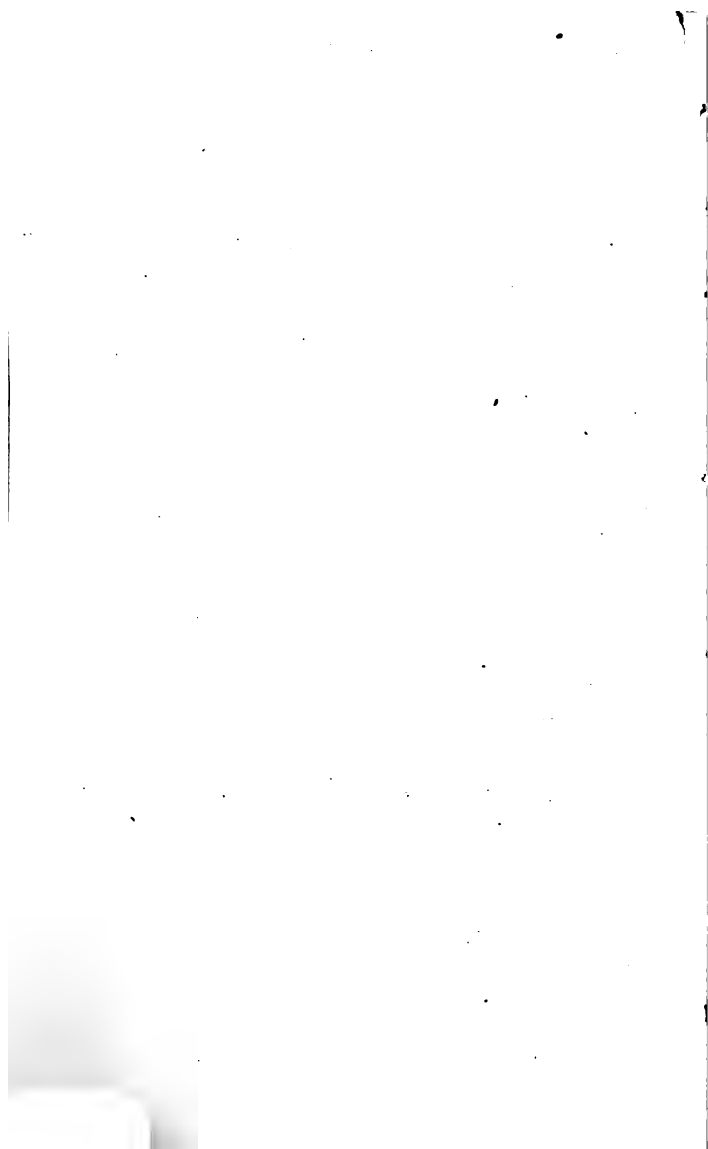
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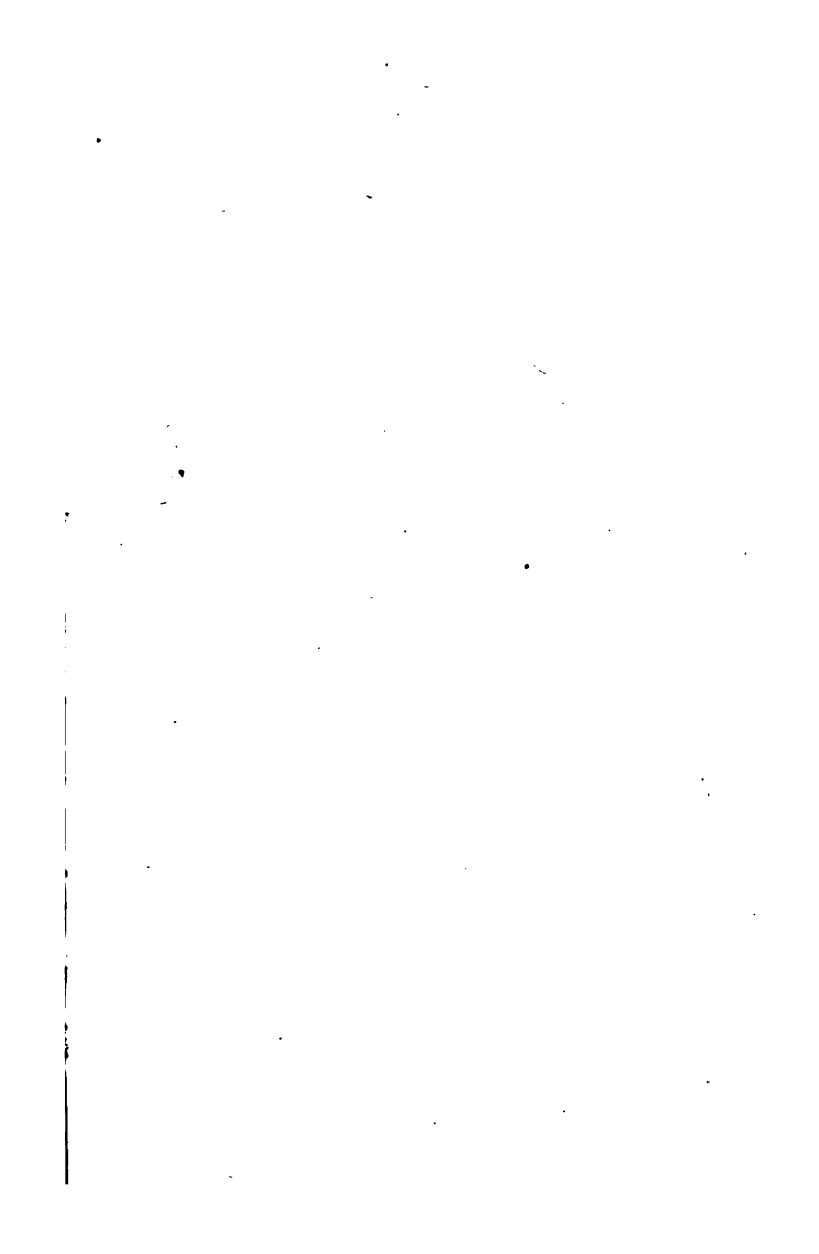


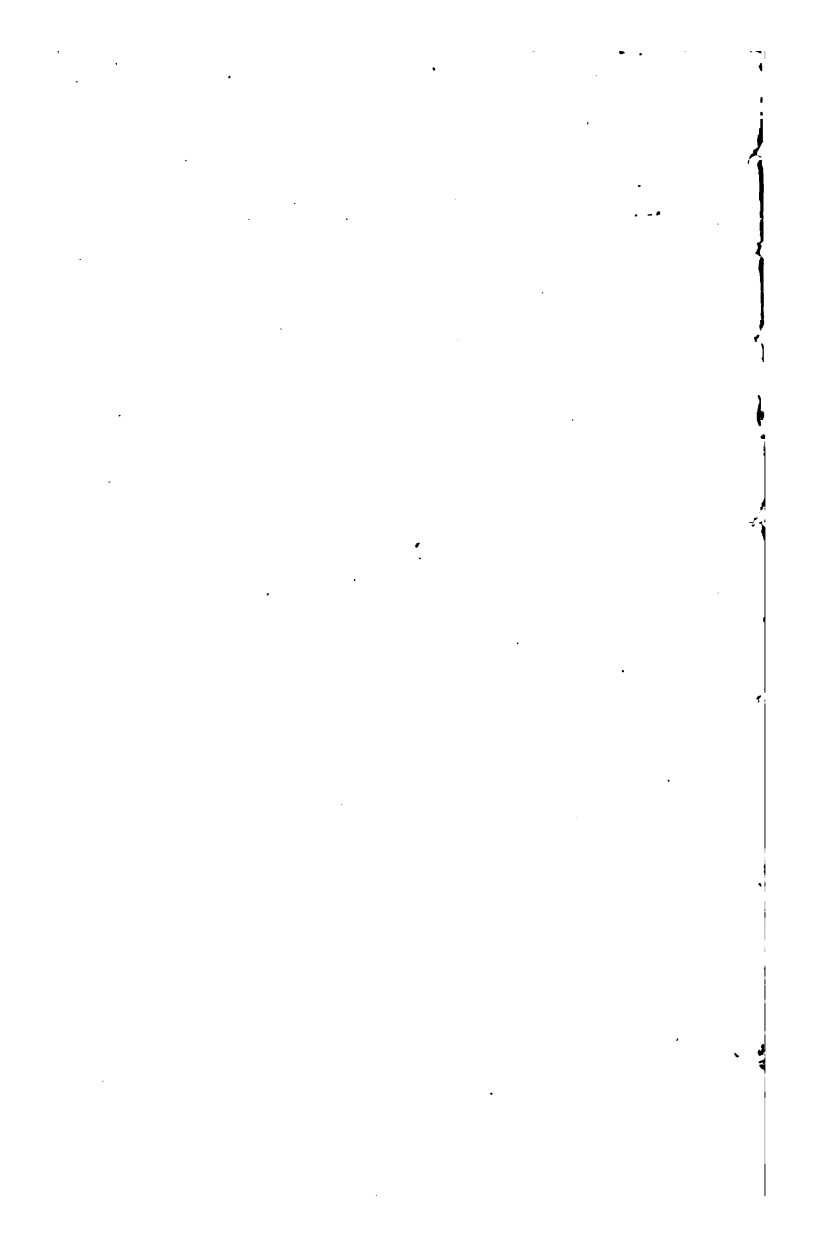




(Campbell)
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44

THE
SONG OF THE BELL,

AND
OTHER POEMS.

FROM THE GERMAN
OF
GOETHE, SCHILLER, BÜRGER, MATTHISSON, AND SALIS.

TRANSLATED BY
JOHN J. CAMPBELL, Esq., B.A.
OF BALIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH;
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

MDCCCXXXVI.

1836

ΔΕ

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TO

JAMES PATRICK MUIRHEAD, Esq. B.A.

OF BALIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD,

THESE TRANSLATIONS,

WITH

SINCERE ESTEEM AND WARM FRIENDSHIP,

ARE DEDICATED.

P R E F A C E.

IN presenting the following Poems to the Public, the Translator is aware that he is entering on a path not wholly untrodden ; and that they who have gone before him in the same walk of literature may seem to have completely preoccupied the ground. Enthusiasm in the study of modern German poetry is the only apology he means to offer for thus competing with many whose names are already deservedly high. But the time, too, seemed fitting, when the solid and

sterling excellency of German literature has begun to be more adequately appreciated than heretofore it was; and when the interest excited by the lyric poetry in particular may be with reason expected not immediately to decay.

It has been the great aim of the Translator to select specimens of the very various styles of different great poets of Germany; and thus to present the reader alternately with grave or gay, with terrific or jocose. If his translations be deemed inelegant or obscure, they can at least claim the merit of faithful adherence to their originals; and perhaps, with regard to some of the ballads, he may have reason to say, with Petrarch,—

“ Non posso, e non ho più sì dolce lima
Rime aspre e fosche far soavi e chiare.”

He will, however, have gained one important end, if by these translations the reader should be induced to peruse the originals themselves; as in these delightful studies will be found much to beguile the weariness of severer labour, to purify and elevate the thoughts, and so to prove a source of calm and rational happiness.

the 'information' and 'communication' fields, and the 'information science' field.

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THE SONG OF THE BELL.

GOETHE.

Vivos voco. Mortuos plango. Fulgura frango.

IN the earth, built firm and well,
Stands the mould of burned clay,
This day must it be a bell,
Come, my fellows, no delay !
Every brow must glow,
Down warm sweat must flow ;
Praise be to the artist given ;
Still the blessing comes from heaven.

The work we seriously prepare
Demands right well a serious tone,

Accompanied by speeches fair
Then gaily the good task speeds on.
So let us diligently scan
What through weak strength to being springs ;
We must despise the silly man,
Who thinks not what to end he brings.
'Tis this in truth which mankind graces,
And just for this he reason uses,
That in his inmost heart he traces
Whate'er his hand to work out chooses.

Take ye wood of pitch-pine tree,
Yet well-season'd let it be,
That the flames, press'd in and in,
Strike upon the pith within !
Boil the copper broth,
Let the tin quick froth,
That the bell's thick gluey mess
Be pour'd out with good success.

What in the pit's deep cavity
With help of fire the hands prepare,
Upon the turret's belfry high
Our merits will aloud declare.
Late-coming days it yet will hail,
And touch the ears of many men,
And still will with the mourners wail,
And chime in with the choir's amen.
What for the son of earth deep down
The changing Destiny prepares,
That beaten on the metal crown
Afar most piously it bears.

Now white bubbles see I blow,
Well! the masses are in flow,
Let potash be through it pass'd,
That aids speedily the cast.

Foam from dross quite free
Must the mixture be,

That from metal pure and sound
Pure and full the tone may bound.

Since with the joyous festal ring
It hails the child of love so warm,
Upon its life's first wandering,
Which it begins in slumber's arm ;
To him within the Future's breast
The dark and checker'd lots still rest ;
The tender cares a mother takes
To life his golden mornings wakes—
The years their way like arrows wing.
The haughty boy from sweetheart rushes
All wildly out through life to roam ;
With pilgrim-staff his way he pushes,
Returns a stranger to his home,
And lordly, in youth's brilliant gleam,
Like angel-form from heav'nly strand,

With cheeks where modest blushes beam,
Before him sees the maiden stand.

Then nameless longings swell the heart
Of the brave youth ; alone he strays,
Fast from his eyes the tear-drops start,
He shuns his brothers' wildsome plays,
And follows blushing on her trace ;

If she him greet, on bliss he feeds,
And that he may his true love grace,
Culls fairest flow'rets on the meads.

Oh, tender longing ! sweetest hope !
Of the first love the golden day !
The eye sees heaven's high portal ope ;
The heart in blisses melts away.
Oh ! that it ever green may be—
Young love's fair time of revelry !

See the pipes already braz'd !
In this little stick I put ;

See it now all over glaz'd,
Soon will it the casting suit.

Now, my comrades, fly,
And the mixture try,
If with brittle soft combine,
Both for good and welcome sign.

For where with tenderness strength fits,
And gentleness to firmness knits,

Then gives it out a right good dong;
Let him who binds then ne'er to part
See that the heart find faith in heart,

Short error is—remorse is long.
In the bride's locks passing fair
A virgin garland scents the air,
When the clear bell from the tower
Rings the merry festal hour.
Ah! life's beautiful fair-day
Ever ends too with life's May.

With the veil and with the zone
Dream of loveliness is flown ;
Passion hies away,
But love still must stay ;
The flowers fast blow,
The fruit must grow,
The man must out
To hostile life,
Work and have strife,
Must plant and must make,
And cozen and rake,
Must bet and have pluck,
Till he hunt down good luck.
Then ever unceasing the presents in stream,
With costly stuffs the granaries teem,
The rooms grow larger, the house swells out,
And in it there rules
The housewife discreet,
With babes at her feet,

And to rule well is seen
In each homely routine ;
While the maiden she schools,
And the boy she restrains,
And moves without end
Her diligent hand,
And adds to her gains
By labour and pains.
The fragrant presses with treasures she fills,
And never the distaff's whirring she stills ;
The clean polish'd chests too she soon makes full,
With snow-white linen and glistening wool ;
And suits to the fortune the style that is best,
And never will rest.

And the father, with beaming eye,
Far and wide from the house's roof
Counts where his blooming fortunes lie ;
Pales o'ertopp'd by the shooting trees,
Barns well cramm'd with grain he sees,

Granaries with blessings press'd,
And the corn's wild-waving crest,
Boasts with haughty lips at last :—
Like earth's pillars firm and fast
'Gainst the might of hapless fate
Towers aloft my house's state !
Yet no ever-during tie
Can we bind on destiny,
Dark Doom strides on rapidly.

Be the casting now begun,
Rough the breaking is and fair,
Yet, before we let it run,
Offer up a gentle prayer !
Strike the pegs aside !
God with this house bide !
Smoking to the mould's wide bore
See the fire-brown billow pour !

The power of fire is meant for good,
If mortal watch and tame its mood,
And what he forms and brings to light,
For that he thanks this heavenly might.
Yet fearful grows this heavenly might,
If fetters be removed quite ;
On its own footing out steps wild
Dame Nature's bold and freeborn child.
Wo ! if loosed fetterless,
Waxing without check or stay,
Through the streets' close-wedged press
Whirls the monstrous blaze away !
Since the elements all hate
What the hands of men create.
From the cloud the blessing gushes,
Rain down rushes,
From the cloud with inborn power
Starts the flash !

Hark ! the moans from topmost tower ;
Hark ! the crash !
Red like blood
Are the skies !
That is not the daylight's flood ;
Hear the cries !
Up the streets
Vapour rolls in sheets !
Up the flickering column scales
Through the streets' long rows,
On tempest's wings it onward sails ;
Hot as oven's red jaws glows
The arch above, each rafter goes,
Pillars falling, windows stove in,
Children screaming, mothers roving ;
Cattle moan
'Neath brick and stone ;
They save, they curse, run there and here,
The night as broad daylight is clear ;

Through the lengthen'd chain of hands
Of the striving bands
Flies the pail ; in arches splashing
Wavy water-floods are flashing ;
High the howling tempest shoots,
Which the roaring flame is lashing ;
Crackling falls it 'mid dry fruits,
Which in roomy granary teem,
Through the rafter's wither'd beam,
And while it waves, as if downright
Along with it through upper air
The weight of earth by force 'twould tear,
It soars up to the heaven's height
With giant might !
In grim despair
The mortal yields to godlike strength,
And idly wondering at length
In ruins sees his fabric fair.

The place that was is burnt to nought,
Wild storms have there their rough bed wrought,
The desert window-frames within
Horrors themselves shroud,
From high heaven gazes in
Every passing cloud.

One glance where lies,
Now buried and strown,
What once was his own,
Behind him the man yet casts—then flies,
And grasps his good stick with joy in his eyes.
Whate'er the fire's rage may have robb'd him of,
Sweet comfort to him yet remaineth here,
He counteth all those whom he holds the most dear,
And see ! he misses no little love.

In the earth received quite
Happily it fills the clay,

Will it come yet fair to light,

Skill and labour to repay ?

 If the cast aught lack ?

 If the mould should crack ?

Ah ! perhaps, high hopes to bow,

Mischief has befall'n ere now.

To the dark breast of holy earth

We trust our handicraft's good deed,

As trusts the sower too his seed,

And hopes that it will yield no dearth,

But with heav'n's good blessing speed.

But seeds more precious with a tear

Conceal we ofttimes in earth's breast,

And hope that they from out the bier

Will bloom again more fair and blest.

From cathedral tower,

With a long dull knell,

Booms the mighty bell
For the funeral hour.
Sadly leads its dismal toll
Pilgrim to his latest goal.

Ah ! the spouse, so dear, so true,
Ah ! it is the mother too !
Whom the prince of the swarthy swarm
Snatches away from the husband's arm,
From the tender young ones torn,
Whom so blooming she had borne,
Growing on her faithful breast,
With a mother's joy had press'd—
Ah ! the house's tender band
Evermore is now dispers'd,
For she dwells in Spirit-land,
She, the house's mother erst ;
For her faithful trust is o'er,
And her care awakes no more.

On the orphan'd spot intrude
Stranger faces, cold and rude.

Till the bell well cool'd you see,
Let the work of labour rest ;
As the bird sports in the tree,
Each may do as he likes best.

Twinkles the starlight
Free from duty quite,
'Prentice ever vespers hears,
Master must have plagues and fears.

Gaily hastens his steps on
The wand'rer through woods wild and deep,
Till dear home, the hut, be won ;
Bleating homewards draw the sheep,
And sleek troops of cows,
With broad brows,

Come with lowing calls,
Filling all their stalls.
On heavy wheels
The waggon reels,
Well laden with the corn ;
Upon the sheaves
Repose the wreaths,
Which colours gay adorn.
And the reapers' youthful band
Join in dances hand in hand.
Quiet grow both mart and street,
Round the cheerful lights in rows
Social circles themselves seat,
While the creaking town-gates close.
Duskily the earth is clad,
Yet the night is never had
By safe citizens in awe,
Though with fear it strikes the bad,
For awake is eye of law.

Holy Order, rich with bliss,
Child of Heav'n, who lightly bound
Like to like with joyfulness,
Who the town's domains did found,
She from fields has summon'd in
Men of wild unsocial mood,
Oft has stepp'd their huts within,
And to gentle customs wooed,
Weaving there the dearest band—
Swelling love to father-land !
Thousand busy hands in motion
In gay league each other aid,
And in fiery commotion
Every power well known is made.
Master and companions rest
Within freedom's holy shade,
Each one likes his own place best,
Ever scorers will despise ;

Work makes citizens so fine,
Blessing is of toil the prize ;
By their worth do sovereigns shine,
But by industry we rise.

Gentle Peace, and Union sweet,
Stay your flight, oh ! stay,
And this town, oh ! kindly greet !
Ne'er appear the day,
When the savage hordes of war
Through this tranquil vale shall pour,
When shall on that fairy heaven,
Where the evening's soft red
Beauteously is overspread,
From the village, from the town,
Crimson blaze be wildly thrown.

Now break quick the mould in twain,
Well fulfill'd is its design ;

That we heart and eye may strain
On the cast so good and fine,
 Swing the hammer, swing,
 Till it from it spring !
If the bell must stand upright,
Must the mould be broken quite.

The master can the mould well break,
With skill if fitting time he see,
Yet wo ! if should in flaming lake
The glowing brass itself set free.
Blind raging with the knell of thunder
It tears its burst abode asunder,
And like the yawning jaws of hell
It spits around destruction fell.
Where crude and thoughtless power prevails,
There ev'ry structure ever fails,
Where'er themselves the people free,
No welfare there can ever be.

Wo ! if within the heart of towns
The fuel secretly be pil'd,
The people, bursting from their bounds
To aid themselves, run fierce and wild ;
The uproar tugs with might and main
The bell-rope with peal loud and long,
And what announc'd glad Quiet's reign,
Is signal now for force and wrong.

“ Freedom, equality ! ” they shout,
To arms the peaceful townsman calls,
Runs to and fro the rabble rout,
And fill'd are squares and streets and halls.
Round like hyenas women prowl,
And 'mid foul horrors pass the jest,
While yet it heaves, with panther's howl
They tear the heart from foeman's breast.
Nought more is holy, loos'd apace

•

Are all the bonds of gentle awe,
The good to wicked men give place,
And every vice is freed from law,
To wake the lion bodes us ill,
The tiger's fangs with horror fill ;
Yet the most terrible of terrors
Is a poor mortal in his errors.
Fools those, who to the ever-dark
The heavenly torch of light will lend,
It lightens not, gives but a spark,
And towns and lands in ashes blend.

Joy has God to us now given,
See ! how like a star of gold,
From the husk, all white and even,
Is the metal fruit unroll'd.

Wreath and helmet gleam
Like the noonday beam,

And the neat escutcheon's field
Praise will to the artist yield.
Within ! within !
My comrades all,
The ranks close in,
Till we baptize the bell
And consecrate it well ;
CONCORDIA we shall it call ;
For concord and for hearty union
May it collect the fond communion.

And henceforth this its office be,
Which was its purpos'd destiny,—
It shall this grovelling earth high over,
Where heaven's blue tent is wide unfurl'd,
The neighbour of the thunder hover,
And border on the starry world ;
In upper air its voice shall raise,
As do the planets' glitt'ring throng,

Who on their way their Maker praise,
And lead the wreathed years along.
But to eternal solemn things
Its metal mouth we consecrate,
And hourly with its flapping wings
Let it touch Time which cannot wait.
Its tongue too may it lend to doom,
Heartless itself, unfit to feel,
Let it attend with ceaseless boom
The changeful scenes of wo or weal.
And as the peal is quickly pass'd,
Which in the ear so loudly rings,
So let it teach that nought can last,
That die away all earthly things.

Now, with windlass from the ground,
Heave the bell yet more and more,
That it to the realm of sound,
To the vault of heaven may soar !

Heave it, heave it fast !

See ! it moves at last !

Let it token this town's weal,

PEACE shall be its foremost peal.

ROSEBUD ON THE MEADOW.

GOETHE.

Saw a boy a rose in view,
 Rosebud on the meadow ;
Young it was and passing fair,
Fast he ran to where it grew,
Saw it with delight most rare ;
 Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
 Rosebud on the meadow !

Spake the boy : I now break thee,
 Rosebud on the meadow ;
Rosebud said : Then feel this thorn,

That thou aye mayst think on me ;
Wrong like this can ne'er be borne.

Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud on the meadow !

And the wild boy now has ta'en
Rosebud on the meadow ;
Rosebud prick'd him with its thorn.
Grief and pain are all in vain,
Wrong like this must e'en be borne.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud on the meadow !

MAGIC.

BÜRGER.

MAIDEN, hither turn thy glance !

Roguish eye, look not askance !

Blink not—mark me what I say—

To my question, yea or nay !

Hollo ! straight at me your glance,

Roguish eye, look not askance !

Art not ugly, that is true !

Little eyes both clear and blue,

Brow and nose, and mouth and cheek,

Which may praises well bespeak ;

Charming, sweet one, that is true,
Charming art thou to the view.

But though charming there and here,
Art not Empress yet, my dear,
Empress of the beautiful—
Who o'er all will give thee rule?
Charming there and charming here,
To the Empress not so near.

Hundred fair ones there must be,
Hundreds, hundreds certainly,
Who would burn with fiery zeal
To the ordeal to appeal ;
Hundred fair ones there would be,
Hundreds triumphing o'er thee.

Still thou keepest royal right
O'er thy true and trusty knight,

Royal right o'er all his heart,
Now for joy and now for smart ;
Life and death, thy royal right
Holdst thou o'er thy trusty knight.

Hundred is a right large sum,
But, my sweet one, let them come,
Let a hundred thousand try
From thy throne to make thee fly;
Hundred thousand ! what a sum !
Yet to nothing all would come.

Roguish eye and roguish mouth,
Look on me and tell the truth !
Why art thou my own lov'd one,
Thou alone, of others none ?
Look on me, and tell the truth,
Roguish eye and roguish mouth !

Musing seek I ev'ry way
What gave me to thee a prey ;
Ah ! with nothing me to snare ;
Looks not honest, looks not fair.
Up and down, enchantress sly,
Tell me where thy wand doth lie ?

ROUSSEAU'S TOMB.

SCHILLER.

OF our time's shame the monument and brand,
Disgrace undying of thy mother-land,
My Rousseau's grave how welcome and how dear !
All peace and rest to where thy life's wrecks lie !
The peace and rest thou sought'st for fruitlessly,
That peace and rest at last thou foundest here !

Oh ! when shall yet that old wound cicatrize ?
Once was it darkness and expir'd the wise,
'Tis lighter now—the wise man dies as then.
Through sophists Socrates sunk long ago,
Through Christians suffers, falls the mild Rousseau,
Rousseau, who out of Christians raises men !

SOLDIER'S SONG.

SCHILLER.

UP, comrades ! to horse, to horse ! we must forth ;
To the field and to freedom now wend we !
To the field, where a man is yet something worth,
Where the heart still beateth so friendly ;
There steps no man out to lend him a hand,
But by himself and alone he must stand.

CHORUS.

There steps no man out, &c.

And banish'd from earth, too, Freedom is,
But lords and but slaves can we find,

For falsehood bears sway, and artifice,

With the cowardly race of mankind.

Who Death in the face look steadily can,

The soldier alone is the free-soul'd man.

Who Death in the face, &c.

The troubles of life he throws them aside,

Has no more of fear or of sorrow !

To meet coming Fate he will sturdily ride,

If to-day not, he gets it to-morrow !

And comes it to-morrow, then let us to-day

At the dregs of the precious time still sip away.

And comes it to-morrow, &c.

From heaven befalls him his jolly good lot,

He'll die not for want of his leisure ;

While gropes in earth's bosom the drudging sot,

Where he thinks to heave up a treasure ;

He shovels and digs till his lifetime he spend,
And digs till he digs his own grave in the end.—

He shovels and digs, &c.

The rider and steed that like lightning fly,
They are guests that well make one affrighted ;
If the lamps in the nuptial-hall blaze high,
He comes to the feast uninvited ;
He wooeth not long, nor gold doth display,
In the storming toils he for love's own pay.

He wooeth not long, &c.

Why weeps the maiden, why gone is her mirth ?
Let us speed from hence, let us speed !
He has no permanent quarters on earth,
And to true love can never take heed
With galloping fate he hurries apace,
And leaves his fond heart in every place.

With galloping fate, &c.

Then up, my good comrades, and bridle the steeds,

Your breasts to the battle-breeze cast ye!

Still roaring is youth, life foamingly speeds,

Briskly up, e'er the spirit fly past ye!

If the perils of life ye dare not run,

Then never by you shall life be won.

If the perils of life, &c.

LINES FOR THE HARP.

GOETHE.

WHO'E'R doth social converse shun,
Ah! he is soon alone,
For lives and loves each other one,
And leaves him to his moan.

Yes! leave me to my pain,
And can I once but gain
A solitary sigh,
Then not alone am I.

Listens a lover with footstep light
If his sweet one be alone ;

Over me comes, by day and night—
Me, lonely one, the moan,

Me, lonely one, the pain.

Ah! all will be in vain

Till o'er me lies the stone;

It lets me then alone!

L A U R A.

MATTHISSON.

LAURA prays ! the harps of angels pour
God's own peace o'er all her sadden'd soul,
And like Abel's sacrifices, soar
Sighs and longings to their heavenly goal.

As she kneels, in deep devotion drown'd,
Fair as Raphael the Madonna paints !
By that wreath of glory circl'd round,
Which illumines but the blessed saints.

Oh ! she feels, in breathings soft and light,
The glad presence of the Mighty One ;

Sees in spirit now the palmy height,
And her garland woven of the sun !

With such faith, and such devotion rare,
In her pure angelic bosom thron'd,
To behold this holy one in prayer,
Is a glance into the world beyond !

THE BRAVE MAN.

BÜRGER.

LOUD rings the lay of the gallant man,
Like organ's swell or belfry's dong ;
Him who in courage leads the van
Nor gold can pay, nor minstrel's song ;
Now heaven be thank'd, that well I can
Aye laud and sing the gallant man.

The soft wind brought from the inland sea
Through Italy its dull damp airs,
The clouds before it onwards flee,
As when the wolf the cattle scares ;

It brush'd the fields, the frost it brake,
The ribb'd ice burst on stream and lake.

On Alpine peak dissolv'd the snow,
The fall of thousand waters peal'd,
The meadow'd vale was buried low,
The land's great river swell'd and reel'd,
High roll'd the waves adown its bed,
Huge rocks of ice on with them sped.

On massy piers and arches wide,
From underneath of freestone hew'd,
There hung a bridge from side to side,
And in the midst a cottage stood.
Here tollman dwelt with child and spouse,
Oh ! tollman, tollman, quick uprouse !

Hereon its sullen threats it flung,
Loud round the house howl'd storm and waves ;

The tollman to the roof has sprung,
And looks where far the tumult raves.—
“ Oh ! Heaven, our prayers thy pity crave !
Lost, lost ! who now will dare to save ? ”

On roll'd the masses, crash on crash !
From both the banks both here and there,
From both the banks the billows lash,
And down both arch and pier they tear.
With child and spouse the tollman pale
Howl'd louder still than stream and gale.

On roll'd the masses, bang on bang !
At both the ends, both there and here,
Asunder burst and shatter'd, sprang,
One after other, pier on pier.
It soon the centre down will tear—
“ Oh ! gracious Heaven, in pity spare ! ”—

High on the distant bank there stands
A crowd of gapers, great and small,
And each one cries, and wrings his hands,
Yet none will save him of them all.
With child and spouse the tollman pale
For succour howl'd through stream and gale.

When ring'st thou, lay, of the brave, brave man,
Like organ's swell and belfry's dong ?
Come on then ! name him if you can !
When nam'st thou him, my goodly song ?
The middle soon will ruin near—
Oh ! gallant, gallant man, appear !

Quick gallops up an Earl hereto,
On stately steed, a gentle knight.
What holds the good Earl's hand in view ?—
A purse it was, right full and tight.—

“ Two hundred pistoles his shall be
Who dares to save these lost, for me ! ”

Who is the brave one ? Th’ Earl is’t ?
Say on, my goodly song, say on !—
The Earl, by heaven ! was brave, I wist,
Yet know I of a braver one.—
Oh ! brave man, gallant man, appear !
For ruin fearfully is near.

And ever higher swell’d the wave,
And ever louder roar’d the blast,
And ever paler grew the brave—
Deliverer ! oh, come with haste !
The piers they burst and break pell-mell,
And loud the arches crack’d and fell.

“ Halloh ! halloh ! the venture try ! ”
High waves the Earl the prize about,

And each one hears, and each looks shy—
From thousands steppeth no man out.
With child and spouse the tollman pale
In vain howl'd through the stream and gale.—

See ! straight and plain, a sturdy blade
With trav'ling cudgel stepp'd in view ;
In homespun frock he was array'd,
In shape and look both good and true.
He heard the Earl, his promise caught,
His eye the coming ruin sought.

He sprung, in God's name bold and strong,
Into the skiff that nearest lay ;
Through whirl and storm and billows' throng
He battled onwards on his way.
Yet wo ! the bark was far too small
At once to save the lives of all.

And thrice he forc'd his bark along,
And thrice his way right well he won,
Through whirl and storm and billows' throng,
Until he sav'd them ev'ry one.
Scarcely the last on shore had leapt,
When down the last remains were swept.

Who's he, who's he, the gallant man?
Let this, let this, good song, be told.
Risk of his life the peasant ran,
Yet did he that for clink of gold?
For if their riches Earls ne'er spend,
Then ne'er will boors their life's-blood lend.

"Here," cried the Earl, "my gallant one;
Come, here's the prize for which thou'st wrought!"
Say, was not that right bravely done?—
By Heaven! the Earl was high of thought;

Yet with more high and heav'nly heat
The heart beneath the boor's frock beat.

“ My life for gold shall ne'er be sold,
Though poor indeed, I still eat on ;
Unto the tollman give your gold,
Whose goods and chattels all are gone ! ”—
With hearty honesty he cried,
Then turn'd his back, and off he hied.—

Loud ring'st thou, lay, of the brave, brave man,
Like organ's swell and belfry's dong ;
Him who in courage leads the van
Nor gold can pay, nor minstrel's song.
Now Heav'n be thank'd, that well I can
For ever laud the brave, brave man !

THE STILLY LAND.

SALIS.

To the stilly land !

Who leads us to it over ?

The clouds of ev'ning darkly o'er us hover,

And ever sounds more mournfully the strand.

Who leadeth us with gentle hand

Over, ah ! over

To the stilly land ?

To the stilly land !

To you, ye places free

For all ennoblement ! Soft reverie

Of beauteous souls ! The future being's strand !

Whoe'er life's fight can boldly stand

The bud of hope bears he

To the stilly land.

Ah land ! ah land !

When comes the tempest's gloom,

The mildest of the heralds of our doom

Beckons us to him with inverted brand,

And leadeth us with gentle hand

To the mighty Dead ones' home,

To the stilly land.

DRINKING SONG.

GOETHE.

At ev'ry gladsome time,
By love and wine enhanc'd,
Shall this good song in chime
Be sung by us entranc'd !
The God doth us inspire
Who us hath hither brought ;
He renovates our fire,—
From him it first was caught.

With warmth beyond all measure,
Let heart with heart entwine !

Up ! drink to future pleasure
This glass of honest wine !
Up ! while the kind hours fly,
Clink, clink the glasses true ;
By ev'ry fresh-form'd tie
Again the old renew.

Who in our circle stays,
And does not blessing find ?
Enjoys our free-will'd ways
And trusty brother-mind !
Thus through all time remain
Hearts ever chain'd to hearts,
No trifle light and vain
Our fond alliance parts.

With glance at life quite free
A God too doth us bless,
And all, whate'er we see,

Renews our happiness.

No humours e'er infest

And snap in twain our pleasure ;

By baubles unopprest,

Each bosom beats at leisure.

Life's quickly travell'd way

Grows wide as we advance,

And gayer and more gay

Ascends our forward glance.

We'll never care a bit

Whatever fortune comes,

But be, for long, long yet,

For ever jolly chums !

PROLOGUE
TO THE BRIDE OF MESSINA.

GOETHE.

AURORA *speaks.*

O HEART oppress'd ! by storming troubles pent,
Whence comes advice or succour that avails ?
Bereft of thought, my breast asunder rent,
From ev'ry side a hostile world assails.
These woes but rarely I away can drive,
These stinging pains that down my bosom weigh :
With mine ownself, with others I should strive ;
Quell I this foe, the other gains the day.

So from this gulf of sorrow's inmost deep
Up to yon speck of heav'nly blue I gaze !
Soon is it better ! Ah ! I fain would weep ;
The healing sunbeams far aloft me raise ;
The holy dove of peace I straightway meet,
Which reconcilment's gentle olive brings ;
Onwards I roam, with voyage fair and fleet,
I know not whither,—Faith and Hope my wings.

Yet if from there, from whence we blessings sue,
A flash should startle, or a thunder-clap,
And rock and wood and ev'ry mountain-view
The heavy folds of downcast clouds enwrap,
When night o'erwhelms the day, the heav'n grows
red,
Rattles the rain, and light'nings streak the gloom,
Then paint these flaming words in signs of dread,
LET THAT WHICH WITHOUT GUILT CONDEMNS BE
DOOM.

So speak I boldly out in name of those
 Who both look dumbly on, an orphan'd pair,
 By unexpected, undeserved woes
 Begirt, like timid deer in hunter's snare ;
 In vain canst thou by reason this resolve,—
 What answer give, when bitterly 'tis said :
 THE SELF SAME LOT BEFALLS BOTH GOOD AND
 BAD ?

A knotty riddle, riddle-wise to solve !

He who sifts all things with a thinking mind,
 SCHILLER, astonishment would in us raise,
 He offers here, our thoughts in strength to bind,
 The work that nobly doth its master praise.
 When precipices hem the onward way,
 And 'gainst the anguish'd ones the billow fights,
 Then lists to agonized lips that pray
 RELIGION only from eternal heights.

GIPSY'S SONG.

GOETHE.

IN mist and in darkness, and deep deep snow,

And in the wild wood on the winter's night,

I hark'd to the wolf's loud hungering howl,

I hark'd to the old owl's cry ;

Wille wau wau wau !

Wille wo wo wo !

Whit-to-hoo !

A cat on the hedge one day had I shot,
Dame Annie's, the witch's black favourite cat,
When came there at night to me seven scare-wolves,
From the village seven old wives ;

Wille wau wau wau !

Wille wo wo wo !

Whit-to-hoo !

I knew them each one, and I knew them well ;
There was Ann, and Ursel, and Kate,
Lizzy, and Barbara, Eva and Bess,
And they howl'd in a circle about ;

Wille wau wau wau !

Wille wo wo wo !

Whit-to-hoo !

Then nam'd I them all by their names aloud,
“ What want you, Dame Ann, and what want you,
Bess ? ”

They shrugg'd, and shook, and wrigg'l'd themselves,
And hobb'l'd away, still howling out ;

Wille wau wau wau !

Wille wo wo wo !

Whit-to-hoo !

TO EMMA.

SCHILLER.

IN the misty distance far

Lies my joy, all past and gone ;

On a single lovely star

Rests my loving glance alone ;

But, like that fair planet's beam,

'Mid the gloom 'tis but a gleam.

Clos'd the long unbroken sleep—

Clos'd mild death thine eyes to rest,

Thee my grief still here would keep,

Thou wouldst live yet in my breast.

But, alas ! in light thou liv'st,
To my love no heed thou giv'st.

Can love's longings, fond and sweet,
Emma, can these pass away ?
What is flown on wing so fleet,
Can it love be ? Emma, say !
Thy flame's pure and heav'nly glow,
Can it die like aught below ?

FAREWELL.

GOETHE.

LET my eyes take that farewell,
Which my falt'ring lips ne'er can !
Hard, how hard to bear it well !
And yet still I am a man.

Mournful grows in hour like this
Sweetest tie that love can seek ;
Cold is from thy mouth the kiss,
The pressure of thy hand is weak.

Once when these by theft had met,
What enchantment did it bring !

Joyous as the violet
That we pluck in early spring.

No wreath cull I for thy brow,
No rose evermore for thee,
Frances dear, 'tis spring-time now ;
But the winter, ah ! for me !

THE WOMEN OF WEINSBERG.

BÜRGER.

Who tells me where good Weinsberg lies ?

A worthy little place,

In which, of wives and maidens wise,

Should spring a gentle race.

Should I perchance e'er think to wed,

I'll take me one in Weinsberg bred.

The Emp'ror Conrad thought one day

This little town to win,

And press'd it hard with dread array,

And rais'd a fearful din—

Beleaguer'd it with horse and man,
And here he shot, and there he ran.

And when the little town stood out
In spite of want and all,
Enrag'd he bade the herald shout
With trumpet at the wall :—
“ Ye knaves, if I get in, then know
I'll hang ye all up in a row !”

When in at them this threat he threw,
By trumpet's pealing blast,
“ Murder !” from house to house there flew,
From street to street it pass'd.
Bread brought therein a goodly price,
But dearer still was good advice.

“ Oh ! wo to me, poor Corydon !”
The shepherds o'er their lot

Cried ; “ Kyrie Eleïson !

We go, we go to pot !

Oh ! wo to me, poor Corydon !

Alas ! my aching collar-bone !”

Yet when it comes, too, to the scratch,

Spite counsel, prayer, and deed,

A woman’s art doth often snatch

From peril, pain, and need ;

Since woman’s art and priestcraft go

O’er every thing, as well ye know.

Fair Lobeşan, a youthful dame,

But yesterday a bride,

To this most shrewd idea came,

Which all well edified,

At which, too, it to reason stands

That you should laugh and clap the hands.

When silent midnight hour comes on,

Th' ambassadress so fair

Is out into the foes' camp gone,

To pray for mercy there.

She softly prays, she sweetly sues,

But this alone they won't refuse :

“ The women off in peace shall pack,

And take their treasures too ;

What then remains, we straight shall hack,

And all to pieces hew.”

With this capitulation hies

The envoy off with woful eyes.

When red the east with morn has grown,

Mark then what came to pass !

The nearest gate is open thrown,

And out each dame doth pass

With her good-man within a sack,
True as I live ! all pick-a-pack.

Then sought there many a courtier bird
To frustrate this good trick ;
But Conrad said, " My royal word
I'll keep through thin and thick.
Ha !" cried he, " ha ! bravissimo !
If my wife thought to tréat me so !"

With pardon and a grand repast
He gave the fair a ball ;
To fiddles' spring and trumpets' blast
He caper'd with them all,
With besom-makers just the same
As with the Burgermeister's dame.

Ha ! tell me then where Weinsberg lies ?
That honest little place,

That rears good wives and maidens wise,

A true and gentle race.

I must, whene'er I think to wed,

In truth, take one in Weinsberg bred.

MIGNON'S SONG.

GOETHE.

Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees blow,
Where 'mid the dark leaves golden oranges glow,
Where the breath of the breeze from the blue sky is
soft,

And the myrtle is still, and the bay shoots aloft ;
Know'st thou it well ?

Then, oh ! there, oh ! there,
Would I, beloved one ! thee with me bear.

Know'st thou the house with its pillars so tall ?
Well lit is the chamber, and brilliant the hall,

And marble forms stand there and gaze upon me ;
What ill have they done, thou poor child ! unto thee ?
Know'st thou it well ?

Then, oh ! there, oh ! there,
Would I, my guardian ! thee with me bear.

Know'st thou the hill with its path to the clouds ?
Where the mule seeks its way in the mist that en-
shrouds,

And dwell in the caverns the dragon's old brood,
And the crag rushes down, and rolls o'er it the flood ?
Know'st thou it well ?

Then, oh ! there, oh ! there,
On *our* way, O, Father ! I'll thee with me bear.

SERENADE.

BÜRGER.

WITH song and lyre let sleep now fly ;
To song and lyre take bounden heed !
The wakeful minstrel that am I,
Fair sweetheart, ever true at need !
O open thou the clear sunshine
Of those blue little eyes of thine !

Through night and gloom I hither tramp,
At hour when spirits are in view ;
Long since there glimmers not a lamp
The hush'd-up cottage window through :

Long since has rested, sweet and blest,
What love and fond desire let rest.

On his wife's bosom cradl'd keeps
His weary head, the husband dear,
While to his fav'rite hen close creeps
Upon the roost good Chanticleer ;
And sparrow on the eaves is eyed,
Couching with true-love by his side.

Oh when will these dull times be sped,
Until I too creep close to thee ?
Until in sweet repose my head
Upon thy bosom nestl'd be ?
When lead'st thou me unto the side,
O, priest ! of my sweet little bride ?

How would I then so heartily,
So dear, so very dear thee hold !

How would I, oh, how would then we
Each other in our arms enfold !
Yet patience ! Time, too, slippeth on,—
Be thou but true, my darling one !

And now, dear soul ! good-night once more,
God keep thee with His shelt'ring might !
What God keeps, that is well watch'd o'er,
And kept from danger and affright.
Adieu ! now close the sunny shine
Of those blue little eyes of thine !

THE SPRING EVENING.

MATTHISSON.

ILLUM'D by redd'ning skies stands glittering
On tender blade the dew ;
And undulates the landscape of the Spring
Upon the clear stream's blue.

Fair is the rocky rill, the blossom'd tree,
The grove with gold that gleams ;
Fair is the star of eve, which close we see
To yonder purple gleams.

Fair is the meadow's green, the dale's thick bush,
The hill's bright robe of flowers,

The alder-stream, the pond's surrounding rush
And lilies' snowy showers.

Oh ! how the host of beings are made one
By Love's enduring band !
The glow-worm, and the fiery flood of sun,
Spring from one Father's hand.

Thou beckonest, Almighty; if the tree
Lose but a bud that's blown ;
Thou beckonest, if in immensity
One sun is sunk and gone.

LOVE.

MATTHISSON.

TELL me, my song, what can it be
Which earth to pilgrim ties,
That on dry leaves of Winter, he
As if on roses lies ?
That art thou, Love, thou sweetest thing !
Thou breath'st on him the hope of Spring,
When leaves and flowers are dying.

If him should seize insane Despair
With hundred giant arms,
And to the precipice him tear—
Who with compassion warms ?

Thou, Love, dost pity the forlorn,
And lead'st him through the golden morn,
Beneath thy waving myrtles.

And if at couch of death he bend,
Where, heart of all his heart,
There fades away his early friend—
Who softens then his smart?
With gentle air then Love appears,
And Patience, smiling through her tears,
Gives an embrace to Sorrow.

Oh! Love, when once the Lord of war
Earth's pillars shall have rent,
Nor any sun, nor moon, nor star
Gleam in high firmament;
Then changest thou our earthly moans,
Companion of undying ones,
To triumph's song in Heaven!

GEWOHNT-GETHAN.

GOETHE.

I HAVE been in love, but now first love aright,
Once was I the servant, but now the slave quite,
Once was I the servant of all ;
This essence of charms has made captive of me,
She does what I want or for love or for fee ;
All others but she on me pall.

Believ'd have I once, but now first time aright,
'Midst wonderful things, and in sorrowful plight,
With the credulous tribe I will stay ;
As dull and as dark as the sky may appear,

GEWOHNT-GETHAN.

In pressing necessity, perils so near,
At once is all care ta'en away !

I have din'd, but now first is the dinner all good,
With right merry thoughts, and with frolicking blood,
Forgotten is all at the table ;
Youth has but to revel and bluster apace ;
I love such good cheer at a nice jolly place,
I smack my lips while I am able !

I have drunk, but now first do I drink and don't wince,
The wine it exalts me, it makes me a prince,
Unloosens from bondage the tongue.
Then spare not at all the enlivening flask,
Since oldest of wines disappears from the cask,
I'll back the old boys 'gainst the young !

I have danc'd, and my dancing has often been prais'd,
And if yet no hopper, no waltzer is craz'd,

One gentle good measure we'll tread ;
Whoe'er twines of flowers a good many together,
And does not retain both the one and the other,
He'll have a fine wreath for his head !

Then up yet once more ! and dismiss all your care,
The man who pulls roses, the blooming and fair,
Mere thorns cannot give him much pain.
One day like another shines brightly each star,
From down-hanging heads only, prithee, keep far,
And live all your life o'er again !

WHISPER OF ONE UNBELOVED.

BÜRGER.

HAST thou not measur'd out the lot
Of love to every creature due?
Then why am I alone forgot,
O, Nature! thou my mother too?

Where or in pen or forest rov'd
What breathing thing in air or sea,
That never was at one time lov'd?
Oh! lov'd is every thing but me!

While in the grove, and mead and plain,
The tree and shrub, the moss and weed,
Both love and well are lov'd again,
No fair one by my side I lead.

For me, matur'd by sweet desire,
No honey'd fruits of pleasure grow ;
Since kindles not for me that fire
Which only in one breast can glow.

THE KING OF THULE.

GOETHE.

le's king lived true and tried
radle to the grave ;
is mistress as she died
n goblet gave.

lregs he ever quaff'd,
n'd it at each banquet,
his swimming eyes the draught
as he drank it.

there came his dying day,
ns he counted up,

He gave his heirs his all away,
But not the golden cup.

He sat, as wont, at festival,
His knights press'd round the wassail,
Up in his high ancestral hall,
Within his sea-girt castle.

There stood the old carouser up,
Drank the last drop of glow,
And threw from him the sacred cup
Into the flood below.

He saw it fall, and fill full fast,
The sea it clos'd it o'er;
His eyes they sunk too—and 'twas past—
He ne'er a drop drank more!

FOR SUSAN'S DREAM.

BÜRGER.

That at the dead of night
Else one did appear,
I awake, my faith I'd plight,
Him standing here.

I the troth-ring from my hand,
Broke it, ah! in two;
I, watery pearl band
He instead he threw.

I the garden straight I sped,
Myrtle sprigs to see,

Which for a garland to my head
I tended carefully.

Then brake in twain my pearl band,
And e'er I could beware,
They roll'd away 'midst earth and sand,
And not one more was there.

In pain and fear I sought and sought,
In vain ! how chang'd the scene !
My lovely cherish'd myrtle plot
To dismal rosemarine !

What that night's vision did betide,
Fulfill'd is long ago ;
The book of dreams I cast aside,
Nor to wise woman go.

Now break, O heart ! the ring is gone,
The pearls, too, wept are well ;
For myrtle, rosemarine has grown,
That dream did death foretell.

Poor heart ! to garland thy cold brow
The rosemarine has grown ;
The pearls all wept away are now,
The ring, the ring is gone !

COUNT EBERHARD.

SCHILLER.

You, you, ye worldlings gay and bright,

With noses curl'd in scorn,

Full many a man and gallant knight,

Both sage in peace and stout in fight,

The Swabian land has borne.

Boast still how fam'd Charles and Edward,

Frederick and Louis are !

Charles, Frederick, Louis, and Edward,

To us is our Count Eberhard,

A thunderstorm in war !

HARD.

ck,

,

Ulerick,

! would prick

ung.

ay,

,

ear away,

oft that day,

irt.

all in vain,—

rst ;

with pain ;

; has ta'en,

urst.

It galls him—ah, ye knaves ! wait yet !

Herewith his thoughts he fed ;

“ Yes ! by my father’s beard, I’ll whet—

I’ll whet this blunted steel, I bet,

On every burgher’s head ! ”

And soon again burn’d feud and wrong,

And steed and horseman fly

Through Doeffingen in joyous throng,

And gladder spurr’d the youth along,

And “ hurrah ! ” was the cry.

The watchword that our host pass’d o’er

Was that lost field of fight,

This like the whirlwind on us tore,

And plung’d us deep in blood and gore,

And in the lances’ night.

The young Count, with a lion eye,
His battle-brand would wave ;
Wild 'fore him did the tempest fly—
Behind him, shriek and wailing cry—
And round him was the grave !

Yet, wo ! ah, wo ! with might and main,
Come down a sabre-cut ;
The hero's blows quick round him rain—
'Tis fruitless—he must stiff remain,—
That eye in death be shut.

A panic through the victors ran—
From foe and friend tears flow ;
The Count he spurs on in the van ;
“ My son is like another man !
March, children, on the foe ! ”

Now revel spears in hotter mood,

Revenge hounds on each one ;

Quick over corpses pour'd the flood ;

Burghers o'er hill, and dale, and wood,

Hither and thither run.

And back with joy, while bugles rang,

We to the camp came all ;

And wife and child the chorus sang ;

And with the waltz and goblet's clang

Held we high festival.

Yet what work does our Chief now ply ?

Before that clay-cold one

Sits in his tent, with no one nigh,

The Count ; while glisten in his eye

Tears for his gallant son.

For this hang we so true and warm

On our good lord's command :

Alone, a host he could disarm,

The thunder rages in his arm,

The star of all the land !

Then, worldlings, all so gay and bright,

With noses curl'd in scorn ;

Full many a man and gallant knight—

Both sage in peace and stout in fight—

The Swabian land hath borne !

NEARNESS OF THE BELOVED.

GOETHE.

I THINK on thee, when last the glittering rays
From ocean gleam ;
I think on thee, when Luna's glimmering gaze
Paints every stream.

I see thee on the distant way, the while
The dust appears :
At dead of night, when on the narrow stile,
The wand'rer fears.

I hear thee, when with hollow roaring on

The wave has rush'd ;

To list, in stilly woods, I oft have gone

When all is hush'd.

I am with thee,—be thou however far,—

To me thou'rt near ;

The sun sinks down—soon lightens up each star—

Oh ! wert thou here !

SONG OF THE IMPRISONED COUNT.

GOETHE.

I KNOW a wonderful fair flower,
And long for it full well ; and fain
Would go, and search for it this hour,
But for this Captive's heavy chain.
No trifling wo is mine to bear ;
Since did I drink but Freedom's air,
I soon would find it near at hand.

From this steep castle oft I let
My eyes sweep round the wide expanse ;
Yet cannot from high parapet
Distinguish it with searching glance :

Whoe'er to me this floweret gave,
He may be knight or may be slave,
He shall my trusty friend be ever.

ROSE.

In beauteous bloom I list thy woes,
Beneath thy grated window here ;
Of course thou meanest me the Rose,
Thou poor and noble cavalier !
Thy thoughts, they wear a gallant mien,
And certainly the garden Queen
Supreme within thy breast too rules.

COUNT.

Thy purple we may well admire,
It suits thine upper robe of green—
Therefore do thee the maids desire,
With gold and trinkets of true sheen.

To fairest face thy wreath's a dower ;
Yet thou art not the little flower
That I in stilliness adore.

LILY.

The Rosebud has a haughty way,
And ever strives itself to raise ;
Yet will a lovely lov'd one pay
To Lily's grace the meed of praise.
He whose heart beats in bosom sure,
And knows, like me, that he is pure,
Me ever holds at highest price.

COUNT.

I call myself both pure and chaste,
And from great wickednesses free ;
Yet here I am in fetters brac'd,
And must both lone and wretched be.

An emblem fair thou mayst be styl'd
Of many a maiden pure and mild,
Yet know I yet of something dearer.

PINK.

That well may I be, I, the Pink,
Which in the keeper's plot you see;
For else, how would my old friend think,
With so much care, of tending me ?
With flower-plots fair, a leafy throng,
And perfume all his lifetime long,
And thousand thousand colours too ?

COUNT.

The Pink one truly must not slight,
It is the gard'ner's own lov'd one ;
Now must it gladden in the light,
And now he shades it from the sun.

Yet what gives happiness to me,
Is not such wondrous brilliancy—
It is a stilly little flower.

VIOLET.

Conceal'd I stay, and deep retir'd,
And scarce to speak can courage take ;
Yet will I, since it is requir'd,
My silence, deep and long, now break.
If I am what you mean, good man,
How much it grieves me that I can
To thee no fragrance upwards send.

COUNT.

Much I esteem kind Violet,
So modestly it ever grows,
And smells so sweet ; but want more yet
To sweeten all my bitter woes.

To thee alone I will confess
That, on this rocky wilderness,
My darling can I nowhere find.

Yet roams below, the streamlet nigh,
The truest wife in all the land ;
And gently breathes she many a sigh
Until I burst this iron band. .
But when a blue flower she has got,
And instant says, " Forget-me-not "—
I ever feel it from afar.

Yes ! felt afar is all its might,
When two love on with love unstain'd ;
And therefore, in the dungeon's night,
Have I, too, still in life remain'd :
And when my heart to break is nigh,
Then but—" Forget-me-not "—I sigh,
And come I back to life again.

NEARNESS OF SPIRITS.

MATTHISSON.

THE twilight's glow
Through wood doth flow ;
Here, by the rush of waterfall,
Think I of thee, oh thou mine all !

Thy witch'd form oft
Appears as soft
As does the golden ev'ning sun
To the far friend, beloved one !

He longs, while here,
For thee, too, near ;
Fast as the ivy to the tree,
So clings his loving thoughts to thee.

Dost thou too heave,
In air of eve,
With the soft brother-spirit's breath,
With feeling yet to meet in death ?

'Tis he who, mild,
For thee, sweet child,
Lifts thy veil's pure silver cloud,
And loves in these rich locks to shroud.

Thou hear'st him oft,
Like hymnings soft
From moisten'd lute, with pensive note,
At lonely midnight past thee float.

From fetters free,

Still true to thee ;

To thee will he, entirely given,

Be ever nigh, in earth or heaven.

GREATNESS OF THE WORLD.

SCHILLER.

WHAT creative mind once from chaos brought to
light—

Through the reeling world—I fly with the tempest's
flight,

Till on the strand

Of your billows I land,

Anchor cast, where no breath more plays,

Where Creation's boundary stays.

Stars I saw already to youthful being spring,

Thousand years their way through the firmament to
wing,

Saw them each one.

To attracting points run ;

Wand'ring, search'd my eye near and far,—

Saw already space void of star.

Onward still, to speed my course to the realms of night,

Steer I boldly forward, take the wings of light ;

Cloudy and dread

Grows the heav'n o'er my head,

Systems, streams, whence the deluge runs,

Chase the wanderer of the suns.

See ! upon the lonely path draws a pilgrim near

Hastily—" Halt ! rambler, what seekest thou for
here ? "

—" Unto the shore

Of thy far world I soar !

Sail on there, where no breath more plays,

Where Creation's boundary stays."—

“ Stop ! thou sailest fruitlessly—Infinity thou’lt find ! ”

—“ Stop ! thou sailest fruitlessly, pilgrim, me behind !—

Droop to the earth

Plum’d thoughts of high birth,

Fancy, mariner bold and gay,

Cast thy hopeless anchor away ! ”

FLOWERS.

SCHILLER.

CHILDREN of the young daylight,
Flowers of the enamell'd field,
Born for pleasure and delight,
Love to you does Nature yield.
Fair the robe in sunbeams dipp'd,
Fairly Flora has equipp'd
You in colours all divine.
Sweet Spring-babes, complain to heaven
Souls to you she has not given,
While yourselves in darkness pine.

Nightingale and lark will sing
To you love's lot ever bless'd,

Witching Sylphids themselves fling

Amorously on your breast.

Daughter of Dione's stem

Arch'd she your Cups' diadem,

Swelling for love's balmy kiss ?

Delicate Spring-children, weep,

Love from you she'll ever keep,

Feeling, though it be, of bliss.

But can from my Nancy's eyes

Me the mother's mandate move,

If my hand to cull you flies

For a tender pledge of love ?

Life and language, soul and heart,

Voiceless heralds of sweet smart,

This touch into you has pour'd ;

And in your soft stilly leaves

His divinity inweaves

Of all Gods the mightiest Lord.

THE INVINCIBLE FLEET.

SCHILLER.

SHE comes—she comes, proud fleet of southern mains,

The worlds of waves to reel appear ;

With a new God and with the clank of chains

And thousand thunders draws she near.

Of fearful citadels a floating throng

(Their like the Ocean ne'er did span,

Invincible they're call'd by man) ;

She draws upon the frighten'd waves along ;

That name is hallow'd by the dread

Which now she proudly thinks to spread.

With step majestic and slow

Supports his load the trembling Ocean-God ;

In her mid-line a world's o'erthrow,
So draws she near, and nations all are awed.

Right opposite to thee they stay,
Oh ! happy Island—Empress of the sea !
These hosts of galleons threaten thee,
Great-hearted, bold Britannia !
To all thy freeborn children wo !
There hangs the cloud, big with the thunder-throe.

Who did for thee the precious jewel wrest
Which thee the Princess of the lands has nam'd ?
Hast not thyself, by haughty Kings oppress'd,
Of all thy country's laws the wisest fram'd ?
The Magna-Charta King makes citizen,
And Citizen a king with equal right ;
The lordship of the Ocean's haughty might
Hast thou, from millions of bloodthirsty men,
Not wrested in the bold sea-fight ?

Who gain'd it thee ?—ye peoples, blush and feel—

What but thy spirit and thy trusty steel !

O hapless one ! look from thy strand,

Where these fire-breathing giants take their stand,

Look there, and dread from glory to be hurl'd ;

Upon thee gazes all the anxious world,

And ev'ry freeman's heart is beating fast,

And cow'ring is each beauteous soul aghast,

To see the flag of vict'ry furl'd.

God, the Almighty One, look'd down,

Saw his foes' haughty lion-banner wave,

Saw Death with certain aim upon thee frown ;—

“ Shall Albion,” He said, “ find here a yawning grave,

And perish those who mine own heroes were,

Oppression's last and rocky barrier

Crumble to ruins, and the Tyrant's Fear,

Be swept away from out this hemisphere ?

Ne'er shall I Freedom's Eden ravish'd view,
Nor human rights' strong buckler disappear ! ”

God, the Almighty blew,*

And to the winds of heaven th' Armada flew.

* Deus afflavit, et dissipati sunt.

FISHERMAN'S SONG.

SCHILLER.

(Melody of the Rang des Vaches.)

THE sea is smiling, to bathing it calls,
The boy he sleeps on the shore's greeny knolls,
There melody past him
Like sweet flutings flies,
Like voices of Angels
In Paradise.

And when he awakens with joy from his rest,
There ripple the billows about his breast,

And a voice from the deep calls—

Mine art thou, dear boy !

I lure thee in hither,

The sleeper decoy.

HUNTER'S SONG.

(*Variation.*)

THE heights they are thund'ring, and trembles the
bridge,

The hunter fears nought on the giddy ridge ;

He steps on undaunted

O'er valleys of ice,

Where shineth no spring-time,

Where ripens no rice :

An ocean of mists is before and behind,

No more he discovers the towns of mankind ;

Only through the clouds' op'ning
The earth he descries,
Where deep under water
The green meadow lies.

HERDSMAN'S SONG.

(*Variation.*)

YE pastures, farewell !
Ye green sunny meadows,
The herdsman away goes,
The summer is gone.

We come to the hill, oh ! not forsaken,
When the cuckoo calls, when the warblings awaken,
When with flow'rets the earth is bedeck'd so gay,
When the fountains trickle in beautiful May ;

Ye pastures, farewèll !

Ye green sunny meadows,

The herdsman away goes,

The summer is gone.

SPINNING SONG.

BÜRGER.

Bizz then round, and round yet bizz !

Whiz, my little wheel, then whiz !

Spin, my wheel, both long and fine,

Spin, until fine thread I win

For my bosom's cover.

Bizz then round, and round yet bizz !

Whiz, my little wheel, then whiz !

Weaver, weave both soft and fine,

Weave it fine, that veil of mine—

So to mass step over.

Bizz then round, and round yet bizz !

Whiz, my little wheel, then whiz !

Maiden's bosom, out and in,

Must be fair and free from sin ;

Well I should it cover.

Bizz then round, and round yet bizz !

Whiz, my little wheel, then whiz !

Out and in all fair to see,

Active, modest, staid to be,

Brings me trusty lover.

PROLOGUE TO THE FAUST.

GOETHE.

Spoken by MEPHISTOPHELES.

How dare I come, where all is nobly lit !
A spirit call they me of wicked mood ;
'Tis false ; in truth I am not worse one whit
Than many self-styl'd excellently good.
Dissembling is a shameful thing, they cry,
Yet by dissimulation make their bread.
I'm here, then, and more odious I deny
That I'm than others or alive or dead.

One comes with long, and one with shorten'd beard,
And close beneath there lies a polish'd chin ;
A sultan and a boor, together rear'd,
Become impostors, that they gold may win,
And please you. So, the circle up to fill,
Come I as evil spirit with good-will.
Since ill-will to the world can prove no terror,
Nor yet perverse confusion of good things,
If but with guidance uncontroll'd the error
The ruler's sharp eye to subjection brings,
And we in truth ourselves secure can call,
We ask no questions ; up there is it all.

Now have I much that must be told,
I almost seem a tale to weave ;
Affirm I it, you won't believe,
Like others, then, I must be bold.

Here stands a man, you see him well,
In sciences of deeds he has to tell ;
This polygon he carries to you says—
That he has turn'd himself to many ways :
Yet when of knowledge he had gain'd enough,
He died to this world and to all its stuff.
Besides, by fix'd resolve to stand,
To wander on still gay and bland,
His outer-man is not of the right sort—
Too long his coat, his beard too curl'd and short ;
And his considerate bosom-friend
Over the books by night will bend.
The good man felt that was the rub,
And into magic 'gan to grub ;
With circle and with pentagon,
He would have endless riches won ;
He orb and ring his hobby made,
Yet felt—as if the fool he play'd.

His life-long did he fume and fret,
Till me upon his way he met.
I made it clear that life by heaven
For life alone to us was given,
And pass away in whims ne'er should,
Nor phantasies of dreaming mood.
While man lives, let him live indeed !
The Doctor to the truth took heed,
Allow'd himself with utmost pleasure
The new path straight with me to measure ;
It led us on to other arts,
The lady fair play'd well her parts ;
He in the joy of fiery heat
Soon found out something good and meet.
Just in the twinkling of an eye,
Behold him chang'd right wondrously ;
Of the old gentleman is vestige none,
Yet there, believe me, stands the self-same one.

And if a wonder this may seem,
The rest you will quite easy deem.
The knight, the baron there espy,
A pretty girl is in his eye ;
And this is pleasing to my view,
To the fair witch and neighbour too.
I, too, on favour set my heart !
To old age fire of youth to lend,
A pretty girl to bind to faithful friend,
That certainly is no Black Art.

PUNCH SONG.

SCHILLER.

FOUR good elements, .
Into this hurl'd,
Constitute life,
Build up the world.

First press the lemon's
Mild juicy brow,
Kernel of life
Is the bitter, I trow.

Dash in the water
In sparkling fall !
Water encircles
Peacefully all.

Drops of the spirit
Pour ye now in,
From it alone
Life can life win.

Ere it exhale,
Quickly it drain !
Draught, if it glow not,
Cheers us in vain.

ELYSIUM.

MATTHISSON.

GROVE which with delights untold
Laden, as with dew the rose,
Where Hesperidean gold
'Tween the silver blossoms glows ;
Which a rosy firmament,
Ever cloudless, circles round,
Where the once despis'd lament
Of the tender soul is drown'd.

Trembling with a joy now grown
To a godlike happiness,

Hails, from earthly body flown,
 Psyche, all thy gloominess.
 Joy ! where now no veil of mists
 Shadows o'er her purity,
 Where her spirit, as it lists,
 Soars with wing unpent and free.

Ah ! e'er now through rosy ways
 In her glorious form she goes,
 On the vale of shades to gaze,
 Where the holy Lethe flows ;
 By enchantment feels drawn on
 As by gentle spirit's hand—
 Sees the silver billows run,
 And the flower-enamell'd strand ;
 Kneeleth down in hope's sweet dream,
 Quaffeth, and her trembling form

Smiles again from out that stream
Which can hush misfortune's storm,
As on ocean, soft and full,
Luna, all unclouded, gleams—
Or, within the crystal pool,
Hesper's golden flambeau beams.

Psyche drinks, and not in vain ;
Suddenly, within the wave,
Sinks the night-piece of her pain,
Like a vision from the grave ;
On embolden'd wings she towers,
Glorious, o'er the dark defiles,
To the hills of golden flowers,
Where a spring eternal smiles.

What a solemn silence now !
Gentler than the zephyr's breath,

Whispers ev'ry laurel bough,

Trembles amaranthine wreath !

In such holy peace did rest

Air and wave, so silent stood

Nature, when, from Ocean's breast,

Venus rose above the flood.

What a wondrous glory gleams !

Earth ! this light of magic trance

Never, e'en in spring-time, beams

From Aurora's countenance.

See ! the ivy's tendrils bend,

Bath'd as in a purple glow ;

Flowers, which o'er the rill depend,

Sparkle like a starry row !

In the grove so came the dawn

When the modest Cynthia,

By her haughty dragons drawn,
The beloved sleeper saw ;
While the meadows grew more fair,
And with gentle magic tone
Heav'nly music fill'd the air :
“ O thrice blest Endymion ! ”

ERGO BIBAMUS.

GOETHE.

FOR laudable doings we're gather'd around,
 My good fellows, Ergo bibamus ;
The glasses they clink, and the talk it is drown'd,
 In a hearty good Ergo bibamus.
We call that an old word, and one full of grace,
 It is pass'd to the first, and it passes apace,
And peals there an echo from each merry place,
 A right noble Ergo bibamus.

My sweet little beauty I saw t'other day,
 And mutter'd I—Ergo bibamus ;

She kindly drew near, but she then turn'd away,

I carelessly whistled—bibamus.

But when she appeas'd takes to coaxing and kiss,

Or when her fond hugging and kissing you miss,

So keep, till you know something better than this,

To the jovial—Ergo bibamus.

My lot calls me off from this good-hearted crew ;

Come, honest ones, Ergo bibamus ;

With little of baggage I bid you adieu,

Then shout again—Ergo bibamus.

And what though the body grow worse for the wear,

For the happy in spirit men ever take care,

To the merry, the merry can something aye spare,

My good fellows—Ergo bibamus.

And what shall we say then of these present days ?

Methinks only—Ergo bibamus ;

They have in good truth the most wonderful ways—

Then once again—Ergo bibamus.

They bring in delight through the wide open door,

The clouds they shine brighter, in twain goes the floor,

And an image of glory appears us before,

Clink, clink, and we sing out—Bibamus !

TO THE SPRING.

SCHILLER.

WELCOME, welcome, lovely Spring !

Chief joy in Nature's round !

With thy basket full of flowers,

Welcome on the ground !

Ah, ah ! thou art there again,

And art so fair and sweet !

And we so heartily are glad

To hasten thee to meet !

Thinkst thou on the maiden yet ?

Ah ! dear one, thinkst thou still ?

Then the maiden lov'd me well,
The maiden ever will.

For the maiden many a flower
Ask'd I then from thee—
Come I now, and ask again,
And thou?—thou giv'st them me.

Welcome, welcome, lovely Spring!
Chief joy in Nature's round!
With thy basket full of flowers,
Welcome on the ground!

LENORA.

BÜRGER.

LENORA starts, as morn grows red,
From heavy dreams away :
“ Art faithless, William, or art dead ?
How long wilt thou delay ? ”—
He had with royal Frederick’s might
Been led into the Prague’s red fight,
And had not writ to tell
If all with him was well.

That royal chief and the Empress
With quarrel long harass’d,

Now mollified their stubbornness,

And made a peace at last.

And ev'ry host, with glee and song,

With kettle-clang, and clink and dong,

With green sprigs deck'd so gay,

Now homewards bent their way.

And all about, and all about,

On highroads and on stiles,

Flock'd old and young to join the shout,

And meet the coming files.

Thank God ! both child and spouse loud cried,

And Welcome ! many a joyous bride.

But ah ! Lenora misses

The greetings and the kisses.

Well up and down and one by one

She sought for every name ;

To give her news, yet was there none

Of all that onwards came.

When now the host had pass'd from there,

Then out she tore her raven-hair,

And dash'd her on the plain

With mien of one insane.

The mother ran right eagerly,

“ God’s mercy on us rest !

Thou dearest child, what aileth thee ? ”

And press’d her to her breast.—

“ Oh ! mother ! mother ! gone is gone !

Now world and all for ever gone !

With God no mercy is the more,

Oh, wo ! oh, wo ! to us so poor ! ”—

“ Help, God ! oh, help ! look kind us on !

Child, say a paternoster !

What God did, that for good is done,

God's grace us ever foster !"—

" Oh ! mother ! mother ! empty thought !

God has with us for good not wrought !

What helps, what helps my praying ?

Now 'tis not worth the saying."—

" Help, God ! help ! who the Father knows,

He knows, he helps the child,

The sacrament whence blessing flows

Will make thy sorrow mild."—

" Oh ! mother ! mother ! what here burns

No sacrament to mildness turns ;

No sacrament can ever give

Unto the dead again to live."—

" Hear, child ! what if the false-tongued knave,

In Hungary's far land,

Has thrown aside the faith he gave

For some new sweetheart's hand ?

Let his heart pass, my child, away !

It brings him gladness ne'er a day !

When soul and body part,

Then burns that perjur'd heart."—

“ Oh ! mother ! mother ! gone is gone !

Forlorn is aye forlorn !

Death, death alone is what I've won,

Oh ! had I ne'er been born !

Extinguish'd be my light for ever !

Die, die away in night and shiver !

With God no pity is the more,

Oh, wo ! oh, wo ! to us so poor !”—

“ Help, God ! oh, help ! from judgment keep !

With this poor child of thine !

She knows not what her lips now speak ;

Her sin blót out benign !

Ah ! child, forget this earth's distress,

And think on God and happiness !

So will thy soul in bliss

A bridegroom never miss."—

“ Oh ! mother, what is blissfulness ?

Oh ! mother, what is hell ?

With him, with him is blissfulness,

And without William hell !—

Extinguish'd be my light for ever !

Die, die away in night and shiver !

Depriv'd of him, below

I bliss can never know."—

So furious there rag'd her despair

Within both brain and vein,

'Gainst Providence still did she dare
To bitterly complain ;
Her bosom beat, and wrung her hands,
Till sun had set o'er all the lands,
And till on Heaven's arch
The golden stars forth march.

And from without, hark ! trot, trot, trot,
As if from hoof of steed ;
And clinging off a rider got
Where up the broad steps lead.
And hark ! hark ! at the gate a ring,
Quite gaily, gently, cling, ling, ling,
Then these same words so clear
One through the door might hear :

“ Hollah ! hollah ! my child, rouse thee !
Sleepst, love, or wakest now ?

How art still minded towards me,

And weepst or laughest thou ?"—

" Ah ! William, thou ! .. So late at night ! ..

Wept have I well, watch'd for thy sight ;

Alas ! I've borne great drere !

Whence com'st thou riding here ?"—

" At midnight saddle we alone,

From far Bohemia ride I here.

I have me late on horseback thrown,

And I will take thee with me, dear !"—

" Ah ! William, first quick in with thee !

The wind moans through the hawthorn-tree,

In, in, within this arm,

My heart's love, thee to warm !"—

" Let it the hawthorn whistling stir,

And whistle, child, and whistle !

My good steed paws, and clanks the spur,

I dare not here to nestle.

Come, buckle thee, spring, swing thee light

Upon my steed behind me right!

I must yet hundred miles to-day

With thee to bridal-bed away."—

" Ah! wouldst thou hundred miles this day

Me to the bridal-couch still bear?

And hark! the bell yet hums away

That boom'd eleven through the air."—

" See here, see there! the moon shines bright,

We and the dead ride quick as light.

I wager that I thee yet bring

To nuptial bed ere midnight ring."—

" Say, where thy little nuptial hall?

Where? and thy bed for bridals too?"—

“ Far, far from here . . . Still, cool, and small . . .

Six goodly planks and boardings two !”

“ Hast room for me ?”—“ For thee and me !

Come, buckle, spring, swing on with thee !

The nuptial guests our coming bide,

And open stands the chamber wide.”

Fair sweetheart buckl'd, sprang, and swung

Her on the steed so light,

Well round the trusty rider flung

Her arm so lily white.

And, clatter, clatter ! trot, trot, trot !

They to a sweeping gallop got,

That horse and rider breathless grew,

And out the sparks and gravel flew.

Upon the left, upon the right,

Before their ev'ry glance so fast,

How greens, heaths, acres took to flight!

How bridges thunder'd as they pass'd!

"Is love afraid? . . . The moon shines clear,

Hurrah! the dead ride without fear!

Is love afraid, too, for the dead?"—

"Ah! no, yet leave them in their bed."

What song and dong there ring and cling?

Why past do ravens hurry?

Hark! toll of bell! hark! dirge they sing,

"Let us the body bury!"

And drew a funeral train more near,

Who coffin bore and pallèd bier,

One might full well compare the hymn

To croak of frogs at marsh's rim;

"When midnight strikes, the corse in fling,

With dong and song and elegy!

My youthful bride now home I bring

With me to bridal revelry !

Come, clerk, here head the choral throng,

And gurgle out a nuptial song !

Come, priest, and blessing say,

Ere we on bed us lay !”

Still dong and song . . . The bier is gone . . .

Their summons well to mind

Came clatter, clatter, speeding on

The steed's hoofs hard behind.

And ever farther, trot, trot, trot !

They to a sweeping gallop got,

That horse and rider breathless grew,

And out the sparks and gravel flew.

How flew then right, how flew then left

The hills, the trees, and hedges,

How flew then left, and right, and left,
The boroughs, towns, and villages !
“ Is love afraid ? . . . The moon shines bright,
Hurrah ! the dead ride quick as light !
Is love afraid too for the dead ? ”—
“ Ah ! let the dead sleep in their bed ! ”

See there ! see ! at the gallows-tree
Dance round the wrack-wheel's nob,
By moonshine light half visibly
An airy phantom mob.—
“ Ho ! rabble, here ! come here ! hollo !
Come, rabble, come ! and with me go !
And nuptial dance foot merrily,
Around the bridal canopy ! ”—

With this the rabble, rush, rush, rush !
Came after him with bustle,

As whirlwind would at hazel-bush

 Athrough the dry leaves rustle.

And farther, farther, trot, trot, trot !

They to a sweeping gallop got,

 That horse and rider breathless grew,

 And out the sparks and gravel flew.

How flew, where'er the round moon shone,

 How flew it all afar !

And how above flew on and on

 The heaven and ev'ry star !

“ Is love afraid ? . . . The moon shines bright !

Hurrah ! the dead ride quick as light !

 Does fear for dead men fill thy breast ?”—

 “ Oh, wo ! let dead men sleep in rest !”

“ Horse, horse ! the cock has crow'd full well . . .

 The sand will be run done apace . . .

Horse, horse! the morning air I smell . . .

Horse! hurry hence with speedy pace!

Our course is done, our course is done!

The bridal bed is gaily won!

The dead they gallop fast,

We're on the spot at last!"

Quick to an iron-grated door

They came with slacken'd rein;

With slender switch one knock before

Sprung bolt and bar in twain.

The birds flew upwards, screaming hoarse,

And over graves they took their course.

The tombstones glimmer'd white

Round in the cold moonlight.

Ah, see! ah, see! this moment same,

Mark! mark! a grisly wonder!

The rider's collar piece down came,
Like tinder torn asunder !
To scull without a tuft or cue,
To naked bone his body grew,
With scythe and sand-glass arm'd, are gone
His goodly limbs to skeleton !

And sparks of fire spat out the steed,
Wild snorted, high uprear'd,
And quick ! down, down in very deed,
Beneath her disappear'd !
And from mid-air came howl on howl,
And from deep vaults a moaning growl.
Trembling all over, writhed in strife
Lenora's heart, 'twixt death and life.

Now danc'd well, by the full moon's glance,
In circles round and round about,

The phantoms all a chainèd dance,

And howl'd in this wise ever out :

“ Bear ! bear ! although thy heart be riven !

And wrangle not with God in heaven !

Of these fair limbs thou'rt dispossess'd,

God's mercy on thy spirit rest ! ”

IMAGE OF LIFE.

SALIS.

ON the steps of Nature throws
Joy it's soft and silver light,
Brokenly, like stirring boughs
In the moonshine's flick'ring white ;
As alternate gleam and gloom,
Where the day is lost in wood,
Change upon the path of Doom
Darksome care and sunny mood.

If the churchyard shrubbery
Blossoms on the bridals rain,

Bends the blooming hawthorn-tree

Soon upon a fun'ral train.

Elms, within whose rich festoon

Nightingales their young did rear,

Lend their goodly timber soon

For the village-father's bier.

Summer wind, whose breezes toss

O'er the corn it's joyous waves,

Whispers sadly at the cross,

Rustling garlands o'er the graves ;

Wafts it now a golden cloud,

Now the black storm through mid-air ;

Lifts it here the mournful shroud,

And strips off the rose-leaves there.

I If the dancing groups illumine

Flood of gold in ev'ning hour,

Lights it too the dungeon's gloom,
Where retiring sorrows cower.
Gleams the sea in red of morn,
That streaks too the rocky bank,
Where, by midnight tempest torn,
Ship with all its seamen sank.

Wand'rer, who on Time's fleet tide
Rests with glances fix'd and low,
See ! upon its billows glide
Cloudy shadows, rosy glow.
Nature in her ev'ry guise,
Ceaseless and yet changeful still,
Balm of hope to pain applies,
Warns of danger wanton will.

From the damp and ruin'd hall
Wall-flower speedily doth bloom,

Gaily past the urns too stroll

Nymphs where cypress spreads its gloom.

Sings upon the battle-plains

Many a thoughtless peasant maid,

Dances where the last remains

Of young heroes once were laid.

Teian melodies inhale !

And the strains of Horace too :—

Happy, who the Future's veil

Has but crown'd, and not look'd through.

Bear a heart which joys can ope,

Yet prepar'd for sorrow's fight ;

In misfortune learn to hope,

Think of storms when sun is bright.

Tremble not ! the cup of smart

Sweeten'd is by after-thought ;

Empty terror heaves the heart
In wild gale or battle hot.
Strength and lofty courage flow
From the peril firmly dar'd ;
Spirits too of comfort grow
Secretly to sadness pair'd.

Dive not in the stream's deep blue,
Quaff it from the sunny knoll ;
Weave the chain of joys anew,
If there fade one flower of all.
Thunder-peal and woodland song
Oft alternate on thy way ;
Wander, grave, the flowers along,
But through precipices, gay !

SOLILOQUY
OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

SCHILLER.

FAREWELL, ye mountains and ye fields I love,
Ye calm familiar valleys, fare ye well !
Joan again will never o'er ye rove,
She bids you now eternally farewell.
Ye meads which I have water'd, and ye trees
I planted once, bloom on, and still rejoice !
Farewell, ye grots and founts that cool the breeze,
Thou Echo, too, this valley's lonely voice,
Which ofttimes gave me answer to my strain,
Joan departs, and ne'er returns again.

Ye spots, of all my peaceful joys the scene,
For evermore I leave ye far behind !
Wander, ye lambs, all o'er the heathy green,
Ye are a flock that can no shepherd find ;
Since I another herd must forthwith tend,
There on the blood-stain'd field of sword and fire.
Thus doth its call to me the Spirit send,
Urg'd by no vain or earthly low desire.

For He to Moses on Mount Horeb's height
Who to the fiery bush in flames down came,
And bade him brave all Pharaoh's sov'reign might,
Who erst the gentle youth of Jesse's name,
The shepherd boy, chose out for victory,
Who ever prov'd his grace to shepherds rare,
He spake to me from this wide-branching tree—
“ Go, thou on earth shalt witness for me bear ! ”—

“ In rough-shap’d brass thou shalt thy limbs enlace,
Thy tender bosom with the steel be dight ;
No love of man must in that breast find place,
With sinful flames of vain earth-sprung delight ;
Nor shall thy locks the bridal garland wreathe,
Nor on thy breast the beauteous infant bloom ;
Yet shall I, with the h  nours wars bequeath,
Thee, o’er all womankind, with fame illume.”

“ Then when in fight to cowards grow the brave,
When France’s latest doom now draweth nigh,
Then thou my Oriflamme aloft shalt wave ;
And, as the reaper would the sickle ply,
The haughty conqueror in dust low fling—
The wheel of his prosperity turn down—
To France’s gallant sons good succour bring—
And Rheims make free, and thine own monarch
crown ! ”

To me a token God vouchsafes this hour,
He sendeth me this helm, it comes from Him ;
Its iron touches me with godlike power,
And through me burns the fire of cherubim ;
Into the stir of fight it will impel,
And with the rage of tempest onwards hound—
I hear the piercing battle-cry now swell,
The war-steed prances and the trumpets sound !

ARTIST'S SONG.

GOETHE.

To invent, or end to fix,
Artist, oft alone remain ;
Haste in company to mix,
Pleasure from thy works to gain ;
There the whole survey, and read
Thine own lifetime's history,
Many a year's still coming deed
Passes in thy neighbour by.

Or the thought, or the design,
Now the figures, now their place,

One the other will refine,
And at last will all be grace !
Well discover'd, wisely thought,
Fairly moulded, softly finish'd,
So has artist ever wrought
Artful charms with might unminish'd.

For as Nature still unveils
But one God in ev'ry part,
One thought permanent prevails
Through the boundless field of Art ;
This as thought of truth we praise,
Which but with the fair allies,
And with boldness to the blaze
Of the mid-day lifts its eyes.

Though with soul in verse or prose
Orator and poet glow,

Yet shall life's unruff'd rose
 Freshly on the pallet blow ;
Richly girt with sister flowers,
 Harvest fruit around it laid,
Which from life obscure her powers
 Rais'd, and fraught with life have made.

Thousandfold and lovely flow
 Form on form from out your hands,
And as Man with pleasure glow
 That a God beside ye stands.
And whatever tool, ye use,
 Still a band of brothers be,
Blended incense wide diffuse,
 Pillars of the altar ye! .

ROBERT T.

BÜRGER.

I WAS in truth a roving youth
When spring-time days did bide,
And liked it dearly, in good sooth,
To fish, and hunt, and ride.

My strolls and rambles once drew me—
I can't tell in what way,
Yet was it just as it should be—
From the highway astray.

There o'er the green hedge did I spy,
 'Mid plots and spring clad bowers,
A maiden of right rosy dye,
 Tending the sister flowers ;

A maiden, too, with such a face,
 And brow, and beaming eye ;
With shape and nature, that with grace
 Describe nor paint can I.

I friendly here, she friendly there—
 We must greet one another.
We asked no questions—whence ? nor where ?
 Nor 'bout our names did bother.

Flowers in my hat were intertwined,
 And fresh-pull'd fruits were given ;
She was so loving, was so kind—
 An angel sent from Heaven !

Hither nor thither could I go,

Nor to her fly, nor stay !

Yet something in good truth I know

From me seem'd ta'en away.

Yet wist I not what from my breast

So sigh'd and heav'd so deep,

Nor what from her, while kiss'd and press'd,

Strove ever out to weep.

Methought ten thousand things had I,

Heav'n knows, to talk about,

Yet could I not—what jugglery !

A syllable bring out.

She ask'd so innocently—What ?

What I from her could seek ?

Ah ! love, cried I—and this word brought

The tears down either cheek.

But she upon her bosom fair
Cast down her darken'd eyes,
And I flew back with timid air—
And they no more would rise !

How could this little word in truth,
This one word her have pain'd ?
Oh ! hadst thou there, thou bashful youth,
Oh ! hadst thou there remain'd !

THE MIGHT OF SONG.

SCHILLER.

FROM precipice a swollen gush
It comes with thunder's sudden peal,
The mountain crags behind it rush,
And quiv'ring oaks beneath it reel.
O'erwhelm'd with glad, yet shudd'ring fears,
The wand'rer listens to the knell,
Amid the rocks the roar he hears,
Yet whence it comes he cannot tell.
Thus waves of song too ever bound
From springs that never can be found.

With those dread powers in league involv'd
Who threads of fate in silence twist,
Who has the singer's magic solv'd?
Who can his thrilling tones resist?
With Mercury's enchanted rod
He rules the heart that he has riven,
He dips it in the Stygian flood,
Then lifts it wond'ring up to heaven,
And swings, 'tween earnestness and play,
It on the feelings' wav'ring way.

As when at once, where pleasure plies
Her gay work, with gigantic tread,
Mysterious and spirit-wise,
Strides forward Doom with aspect dread;
Then bends the greatness of the earth
To this one of the other world,
The worthless revel's noisy mirth
Is hush'd, each mask away is hurl'd,
And 'fore the vict'ry Truth has won
Is ev'ry work of falsehood gone.

So Man from cumbrous vanities,
When song has once its summons peal'd,
To spirit's dignity doth rise,
And to the holy power doth yield ;
Like to the Gods themselves grows he,
To him dare nought of earth draw near,
All other Might must silent be,
And Destiny he need not fear ;
The clouds of grief are chas'd away,
While song's enchantment holds its sway.

As after longings, chok'd by fears,
And separation's bitter smart,
A child, with hot repenting tears,
Falls headlong on its mother's heart,
So wand'rer to his home of youth,
To innocency's pure domain,
From foreign lands and ways uncouth,
The might of song brings back again ;
Benumb'd by rules once more he warms
In Nature's fond and trusty arms.

SONG IN THE DISTANCE.

MATTHISSON.

If, in the ev'ning's latest red,
A figure with a laughing eye,
In the oakwood, on mossy bed,
With nod and beckon past thee fly—
That is the spirit of thy friend,
Which joy and peace to thee will send.

If, in the moon's soft wav'ring shine,
Love does thy dreamings beautify,
Through cytissus and mournful pine
Wild melodies in murmurs fly,
And through thy breast forebodings pour—
That is my spirit hov'ring o'er.

Feel'st thou when blessed thoughts are stealing

Into, the past time's fairy-land,

A soft and spiritual feeling,

Like Zephyr's kiss, on lip and hand,

And waves the taper's light about—

That is my spirit, do not doubt!

Hear'st thou beneath the silv'ry star

Within thy silent chamber quiver,

Like to Æolian harps afar,

The words of friendship—Thine for ever!

Then slumber on; my spirit's nigh,

It bids from thee thy sorrows fly!

BROTHER GRAY-FROCK AND THE
PILGRIM.

BÜRGER.

A PILGRIM maiden, young and fair,
A cloister-pile came to,
She pull'd the bell-rope at the door,
And Brother Gray-Frock stood before
Her, without sock or shoe.

She said : “ Now prais'd be Jesus Christ ! ”—

“ For evermore,” said he.

Most strangely these words on him fell,
And when he mark'd her features well,
His heart beat violently.

The pilgrim in a soft, low breath,

And in a timid tone :—

“ Most rev’rend sir, oh ! to me say,

If here my heart’s beloved stay,

In monastery lone ? ”—

“ My child, how can thy well-belov’d

Be known unto my eyes ? ”—

“ Ah ! by the cloth of hair and serge,

By girdle, willow-wand, and scourge,

Which his fair limbs chastise ;

“ Still more by shape and countenance,

Like dawning morn in May,

And by his locks of golden hue,

And by his eyes of heav’nly blue,

So friendly, true, and gay ! ”—

“ My goodly child, how long ago !

Long dead and buried deep !

The rank grass waves with whistling moan,

And heavy lies the marble stone,

Long dead and buried deep !

“ Seest thou the ivied window there

Half hidden from the sight ?

There dwelt he, but expir'd erelong,

Still weeping for his maiden's wrong,

And like a flick'ring light.

“ Six youthful fellows, strong and slim,

With dong and song and prayer,

They bore unto the grave his bier,

While down there trickl'd many a tear,

When sunk his coffin there.”—

“ O wo ! O wo ! so art thou gone ?

Art gone, and buried low ?

Now break, O heart ! the guilt's thine own ;

And wert thou like his marble stone,

Thou couldst not harder grow.”—

“ Have patience, O my child ! nor weep,

But pray thou yet the more ;

Despair it rends the heart in twain ;

The eyes' sweet light is dimm'd by pain,

Then weep not thou so sore !”—

“ O no ! most rev'rend sir, O no !

Bid not my grief subside !

Since this heart's fond delight was he,

So live and love no youth I see

In all earth far and wide !

“ Then let me ever sighs and tears
Both day and night outpour,
Until there break my reddened eye,
And till my gasping tongue shall cry,
Thank Heav’n ! now all is o’er ! ”—

“ But patience, my good child, nor weep,
O sigh not thus so sore !
Nor dew nor shower refresh’d has yet
The once-pull’d little violet,
It fades, and blooms no more.

“ Joy flutters on its wings away,
Like swallows, on and on ;
Why hold we then so fast our woe,
Which weighs like lead the heart so low ?
Off with it ! Gone is gone ! ”—

“ O no ! most rev’reud sir, O no !

My sorrows do not touch !

And suffer’d I for this dear man

The woes which but a maiden can,

I suffer’d not too much.

“ So see I him then nevermore ?

O wo ! now nevermore !

No, no ! in gloomy grave laid low,

Where falls the rain and pelts the snow,

And tall grass rustles o’er !

“ Where are your eyes, the blue and clear ?

Your cheeks, the rosy red ?

Your lips, like lilies’ sweet perfume ?—

Ah ! moulders all within the tomb,

While aches my weary head.”—

“ My child, O grieve not so ! but think

What humours men have seiz'd !

In most there blows from out one breast

Both hot and cold ; they now are blest,

And now as soon displeas'd.

“ Who knows, in spite of love and faith,

But what he chang'd his mind ?

Thy dearest love had youthful blood,

And youthful blood has fickle mood

As has the April wind.”—

“ Ah, no ! most rev'rend sir, ah, no !

Say not these words to me !

My love so dear was gentle too,

Like sterling gold, as pure and true,

From falsehood ever free.

“ And can it be that him the grave

Can in its dark jaws hide ?

So bid I then adieu to home,

And with my pilgrim staff I roam

The broad-world far and wide.

“ But first I’ll turn me to his vault,

And there will I kneel low,

There shall, with kisses and with sighs,

And thousand tears from these poor eyes,

The grass more greenly grow.”—

“ My child, O turn thee first in here,

And take refreshment meet !

Hark ! how the storm shakes tower and spire,

And glassy hailstones in their ire

On roof and window beat ? ”—

“ O no ! most rev’rend sir, O no !

Hold me not back, I pray !

The rain upon my head may dash,

No rain in all the world can wash

My guilt from me away.”—

“ Ha ! ha ! good mistress, turn thee round,

And see thy comfort nigh !

Fair love, see here whom thou hast got !

Knowst thou the Brother Gray-Frock not ?

Thy dearest—that am I.

“ Through pain of ever hopeless love

This garb of serge I chose ;

Soon had in monastery lone

My life and never-ceasing groan

High oaths brought to a close.

“ Now Heav’n be prais’d ! My trial year

Is not yet quite pass’d o’er ;

Fair maid, if now to you I’m known,

And thou mak’st hand and heart mine own,

I enter there no more.”—

“ Thank Heav’n, thank Heav’n ! now pass away

All sorrows from my heart !

O welcome, welcome pleasures blest ;

Come, my heart’s chosen, to my breast !

Death only can us part ! ”

HYMN.

MATTHISSON.

THEE praise, Almighty One, the choral starry throng !
Thee praises, thou All-good, the cherubim's loud song !
In everlasting harmonies thy whole creations turn,
As far as worlds revolve, or hosts of suns may burn.

Thy temple Nature shows thy glorious lordliness
And gentleness as well ! The spring-time's flowery
dress,
The summer's sea of corn, the harvest's vine-clad
height,
The winter's silver peaks, are mirrors of thy might.

What am I, Lord, to thee ? But yesterday a man !
I'm parted from the tomb but by one little span !
Yet well is me ! who sleeps within his Father's arms,
The word—Compassion—wakes ; he feeleth no alarms !

TO LUNA.

SCHILLER.

SISTER of primeval light !

Form of mournful tenderness !

Floating clouds of silver press

Round thee with entranc'd delight.

Thy soft footstep's fairy power

Wakes, from out their sunless holes,

Mournful and departed souls,

Me, and birds of midnight hour.

Searchingly thy fair eye beams

O'er expanse, stretch'd far and wide ;

Lift, O lift me to thy side !

Grant this boon to Fancy's dreams,

And in peace with pleasure blest
Far-off cavalier may see,
Through the window's tracerie
His own maiden's nightly rest.

Gentle bliss of such a trance
Pain of distance soon allays,
And I gather all thy rays,
And I sharpen ev'ry glance ;
Clear and clearer now I see
Ev'ry limb of unveil'd snow,
And she draws me down below,
As Endymion drew thee.

HARVEST NIGHT.

SALIS.

THE moon, by clouds encircled, beams

Through skies of moisten'd blue,

The forest pond's pale silver gleams

In tender mists of dew.

The shepherd's fire, with ruddy glare,

Blackens around the midnight air ;

Monotonous, from pump-well's bore

Trickles the wat'ry thread away,

And throws its shadows, soft and gray,

Slant down, the churchyard door.

Swells out the net of thunder-cloud
Up to the lightning's tent,
The moon is hid in stormy shroud,
E'er half its beams are spent ;
The Will-o'-wisp's blue sickly light
Drops into peat-hag out of sight ;
The sign-post's letters dull appear
Through the damp mist's transparency ;
And shivering stirs on alder-tree
Its last leaf dry and sere.

Here, whence, as if from long night's realms,
Reflection has withdrawn,
A gloominess the heart o'erwhelms,
But breaks on mind the dawn ;
Flee far away the clouds of Doom,
And streams a glory from the gloom ;
The rose of innocence blooms bright,
Robb'd of no fragrance by the storm ;

Where Virtue lifts her glorious form,
Still purer through the night.

By strength of soul and stedfast mood
Come pain and wrong to nought ;
The wise belief feels that still good
Which loving Might has wrought.
Sleeps on its mother's breast the child,
While round it flash the lightnings wild ;
On path of calm tranquillity
Hope glimmers in the stormy gleam,
And in Death's flash breaks forth the beam
Of Immortality!

CONSOLATION IN TEARS.

GOETHE.

WHY lookest thou so mournfully

Where all so glad appears ?

For by thine eyes I well can see

That they've been wet with tears.

“ And if I've wept, too, all alone,

It makes none other smart ;

And when so sweetly tears have flown,

They lighten this poor heart.”

Glad friends invite thee thus forlorn,

O come into our arms !

And whatsoever loss thou'st borne,

Unbosom thy alarms !

“ With noise and talk thou dream'st not yet

What pains me, wretched one ;

Ah ! no, a loss I have not met,

However much undone.”

Collect your wits, then, with all speed,

Thou art but young in life ;

A youth like thee has strength at need,

And courage for the strife.

“ Ah ! no, such strife I cannot dare,

It is from me so far,

It stays so high, it shines so fair,

Like yonder distant star.”

The stars ! one does not envy these,
Their glories but delight ;
With ecstasy in truth one sees
Them on a stilly night.

“ With raptures I, too, bless the sight
Of many a lovely day,
Let me but weep on all the night
As long as weep I may.”

MINNESOLD.

BÜRGER.

How blest whose true love is his own,

How happy lives the man !

He lives as in the Kaiser's town

Nor count nor prince well can.

His happiness he learns to view

As worth all land on earth ;

He thinks himself, without a sous,

As much as Croesus worth.

The world may run on, or stand still,
And all may without law,
Heads over heels, go as it will—
He does not care a straw.

“ Ha ! ” sings he, “ ha ! what from the wind
Or rain too can we get ?
But blow and bluster can the wind,
The rain it makes but wet.”

Athrough his veins there circles fresh
And unrestrain'd his blood ;
More healthy he than any fish
Within its silver flood.

He likes his meals, he shuts his eyes
With thoughts as light as air,
And straight to Paradise he flies—
And finds his Eva there.

In heav'nly pleasures swims the man

Who wise thoughts ne'er has miss'd,

Who sing or say still ever can

That him his love has kiss'd.

Yet why unto the wind sing I ?

And, ah ! myself have none ;

O, Eva ! Eva ! hither fly !

O come, and be that one !

RITTER TOGGENBURG.

SCHILLER.

CAVALIER, true sister-love
Gives this heart to you ;
From me ask no other love,
Or it brings me rue.
Peaceful to you would I seem,
Peaceful see you go,
From your eyes I cannot dream
Why tears stilly flow."

And he hears with silent pain,
Tears himself from her,

To his breast one eager strain—
Gives to steed the spur.
Word through Switzerland is sent,
To his men behest ;—
To the Holy Land they're bent,
Cross on ev'ry breast.

There are done great deeds and brave,
By the heroes' hands ;
Their proud crests are seen to wave
Mid the foeman's bands,
And the Toggenburger's name
Frights the Mussulman,
Yet his heart for grief and shame
Ne'er enjoy it can.

And a year he has it borne,
Bears it now no more,

Of his peace he is forlorn,
Gives his warfare o'er,
Sees a ship on Joppa's strand
With unfurl'd sails,
Hies him home to that dear land
Where she breath inhales.

There the pilgrim hastes to rap
At her castle-gate ;
Ah ! and with a thunder-clap
Hears the hinges grate :—
“ Whom you seek has ta'en the veil,
Is the bride of Heaven ;
Yesterday's high festival
Her to God has given.”

Then abandons he for ever
His ancestral halls,

His old weapons sees he never,
Nor his good steed calls ;
From the Toggenburg adown
Steps he, unknown there ;
O'er his noble limbs is thrown
Vestiture of hair.

And he builds himself a cot
Near that place unto,
With the cloister's wooded spot
Full and fair in view ;
Waiting from the morning's light
Till the eve was gone,
Eye with tranquil hope still bright,
Sat he there alone ;

At the cloister from above
Hours on hours he'd look,

At the window of his love,
Till the window shook,
Till appear'd Heav'n's beauteous child,
Till the lonely maid,
Like an angel calm and mild,
Gaz'd adown the glade.

Then with joy he'd sleep full fain,
Sleep with comfort on,
Still rejoicing, when again
Morning light had shone.
Many a day he'd sit again,
Many a year he'd look,
Waiting without plaint or pain
Till the window shook,

Till appear'd Heav'n's beauteous child,
Till the well-lov'd maid,

Like an angel calm and mild,

Gaz'd adown the glade.

And a corpse so sat he there

Once when moon had set,

And the pale fix'd face did stare

At the window yet.

THE NEW LIFE.

BÜRGER.

HA ! how wake and glad are grown,
Glad and wake my thought and sense !
Oh ! before what sun has flown
Night of life for ever hence ?
And how gently greets my eye
Yonder new-born redd'ning sky !

Round Aurora's gate of gold
Hover heav'nly fantasies ;
To my ravish'd ears are roll'd
New and gladsome melodies ;

Unknown breezes of the Spring
Balsam's fragrance round me fling.

To Olympus then so near,
At its banquets do I sup ?
Is Ambrosia my cheer ?
Slakes my thirst the nectar-cup ?
Hands me Hebe, young and fair,
Wine of life with smiling air ?

Love ! the magic of thy might
Has made life anew to flow,
And to share the Gods' delight
Chosen me while yet below.
Ever so to latest day,
Ever young and ever gay !

L A U R A.

SCHILLER.

LAURA ! soaring over earth I seem,
Sunning me within the heav'ns May gleam,
If a moment burn in mine thy glance ;
I inhale the ether of the skies,
If my image in thy soften'd eyes'
Heav'nly azure mirror dance.

Sound of lyre from Paradise afar,
Hope's sweet music from some happy star
Fills my drunken ear with melody ;
Feels my Muse, too, inspiration's flow,

If from lips where joys so richly glow
 Silv'ry tones most lothly fly.

See I Cupids flap the little wing,
And behind me madden'd fir-trees spring,
 As if Orpheus to them new life gave ;
Round me seems the Pole to roll more fleet,
If amid the mazy waltz thy feet
 Flit as swiftly as the wave.

And thy glances, if with love they smile,
Life would kindle in the marble pile,
 Lend a pulse to vein of stone ;
Dreams around me turn to very deed,
Can I in these eyes of thine but read—
 Laura, mine alone !

DRINKING SONG.

BÜRGER.

ONE day will I, yes or no,
Die when at the tap,
To my heirs, except my wine,
Leave I ev'ry rap ;
With me shall the very dregs
In the vault be scatter'd,
And in twenty thousand bits
This good cup be shatter'd.

Ev'ry man, as Nature pleases,
May his own thoughts think ;

Work with me hath never prosper'd
Without meat and drink ;
Meat and drink still keep me steady
On the proper track ;
Meat and drink then one should never
On life's travels lack.

Truth I am a sorry wight,
Am the boy for flinching,
If long hungering and thirst
Cause me pain and pinching ;
E'en a child, if then he jog me,
Puts me in a puzzle ;
But I keep at bay a giant,
If I sip and guzzle.

As good oil to reason's lamp
Has good wine been given,

Gives it to the soul a lift
To the stars of heaven ;
Wit and wisdom vapour out
Of the well-cramm'd paunch ;
Bravely cling both harp and song,
If I munch and crunch.

Sober, at the harp am I
But a bungling dobbin ;
Hand and touch alike are lame,
Head and eyelash bobbing.
If the wine to heav'nly song
Change my senseless thrumming,
Homer, Ossian, are to me
Bunglers at the strumming.

Never has from out my mouth
Slipp'd the flow of mind,

Till I had my dear inside

Tolerably lin'd.

When my Capitolium

Bacchus high has flung,

Speak and sing I wondrous well

In some foreign tongue.

Therefore will I, yes or no,

At the tap there die ;

With me, too, the cask's remains

In the vault shall lie.

Choirs of angels dedicate

Me to nectar-suction ;

“ To this toper Heav'n show grace !

Save him from destruction ! ”

THE IDEAL AND LIFE.

SCHILLER.

EVER straight and pure as crystal spring
Flows Life on its light and breezy wing
To th' Olympus of the blest away ;
Moons wane, races sink into the tomb,
Roses, in their godlike youth, still bloom
Undecaying mid the ruins gray.
But to Man a sorry choice is given
'Tween the joy of thought and heart's repose,
On the forehead of the blest in Heaven
Their united sunbeam glows.

Leads there up to yonder heights no way ?
Must the flower's gay ornaments decay,
When with fulness harvest's gifts are crown'd ?
When fair Luna fills her silver horn,
Must the other half in darkness mourn ?
Will the beamy disk be never round ?
Yes, there lead from prisons of the thought
Upward paths to where no end we find ;
Those, who of the blessings here taste nought,
No law fram'd by Time can bind.

Would you while on earth be like to Gods,
Wander free too when in Death's abodes ?
Ne'er of this, its garden's fruit, partake ;
With its glitter may your glances toy,
But upon the banquet's passing joy
Quench'd desires will soon their vengeance slake.
E'en the Styx, which nine times round her winds,
Need not Proserpine from earth divide ;
Her the apple, which she seizes, binds
Evermore to Pluto's side.

O'er our bodies only have they sway
Who weave Destiny in dark array ;
But secure from Time's uprooting storm,
Blessed Nature's play-companion hight,
Wanders through the upper fields of light,
Godlike midst the Gods themselves, fair Form.
Would you on her fleet wings mount the skies ?
Cast away the earthly weight that whelms,
And from Life, the dull and hollow, rise
Into the Ideal's realms.

And before that fearful multitude,
To preserve you from their onset rude,
Break the bridges fearlessly behind ;
Tremble not to leave your home of pride,
All the paths which you to Life can guide
In the grave their common end must find.
Give up gladly what you now possess,
What you once have been, and what you are,
And in ever-blest forgetfulness
Banish all the past afar.

Let no memories of anguish curse
This free city, and no fell remorse,
No anxiety, no ling'ring tears.
They, who to this sanctuary flee,
From all olden rights are ever free,
From all dying Nature's claim'd arrears.
Wanders here the slave, his freedom won,
With unconsciousness of fetters blest :
E'en the vengeful Fury slumbers on
Calmly on the sinner's breast.

Young, unscath'd by ills of earthly days,
And encircl'd by Perfection's rays,
Human Nature's godlike form soars here ;
Like life's phantoms that in silent mood
Wander glancing by the Stygian flood,
As she once stood on the heav'nly sphere,
Ere unto the tear-bedewed tomb
The Immortal to descend yet dar'd.
While in life reels battle's final doom,
Here the vict'ry is declar'd.

Not to disentangle from the fight,
But to arm the weary with new might
Waves here Victory her fragrant wreath.
Strongly, while your sinews you repose,
You into its giddy dance Time throws,
Life—into its boiling waves beneath.
But low droops the wing of daring will
At the barriers of painful thought,
Then discovers it from Beauty's hill
With delight the goal it sought.

If defence and rule we glorious deem,
Combatants 'gainst combatants will stream
On the paths of glory and success ;
There may boldness against vigour dash,
And the chariots with a thund'ring crash
On the dusty plain together press.
Courage only can the thanks here gain
Which are glimm'ring at the course's goal ;
While the strong can Destiny constrain,
Sinks o'erwhelm'd the feeble soul.

But when hemm'd by precipices gray,
Wild and foaming it has work'd its way,
Soft and even then flows on Life's stream
Through calm Beauty's shadow-haunted land,
And upon its billows' silver strand
Hesperus and fair Aurora gleam.
By the compact free of grace allied,
Melted into mutual love now flow
Passions, all whose enmity has died,
And evanish'd is the foe.

If to dead Form to give life and light,
If itself to Matter to unite,
Genius glorified by deeds burn high,
There let nerves by industry be mann'd,
There let struggling thought, by fervour spann'd,
Make the element beneath it lie.
But to zeal by trouble undismay'd
Wells the spring of Truth that deep has lain,
But to chisel's blow is open laid
Marble's coy and prudish grain.

E'en as far as Beauty's sphere would press—
But in dust still lingers—Heaviness,
With the senseless matter which it sways.
Not the mass from mother earth scarce wrung—
Light and airy, as from nothing sprung,
Soars the Image 'fore the ravish'd gaze,
Hush'd is ev'ry strife and ev'ry doubt
In the vict'ry's high security ;
It has all the witnesses shut out
Of Mankind's necessity.

When you, in Man's nakedness, with awe
Stand before the grandeur of the law,
When to Holiness guilt draweth near,
Pale grow Virtue in Truth's searching ray,
And before the Ideal far away
Flee the blushing deed pursued by fear !
No, creative mind has reach'd the mark,
O'er this gulf, by wakeful horrors bound,
Carries us no bridge's arch nor bark,
And no anchor finds the ground.

But afar from prisons of the mind
Flee, till freedom of the thought you find !
And the phantom that once scar'd is flown,
And th' eternal gulf itself doth fill.
Seize the Deity with potent will,
And it quits its universe's throne.
For the stern Law's iron fetters span
But the slavish thought on which it trod ;
Vanishes before resisting Man
All the grandeur of the God.

Girds you weak Humanity with woes—
And still struggle Priam's sons' big throes
'Gainst the serpents with yet unknown pain—
Then let Man arise, and let his cry
Pierce with anguish yonder vaulted sky,
And each feeling bosom rend in twain !
Nature's dreadful voice triumphant be,
O'er Joy's cheeks be spread the pallid hue,
And bend down to holy sympathy
Immortality in you !

But in lands of happiness, in those
Where the forms of purity repose,
Murmurs Sorrow's troubl'd stream no more.
Here the heart is broken by no woe,
Here no tears to Grief's sad story flow,
Shielding spirits all do hover o'er.
Lovely, like gay Iris' flaming beams
On the thunder-cloud's refreshing dew,
Through the veil of melancholy gleams
Here Repose's cheering blue.

Low degraded to the coward's slave,
In unceasing fight, Alcides brave,
Once Life's way most heavily did tread,
Strove with hydras, and the lions wrung;
And, his friends to rescue, living sprung
Into bark that ferries but the dead.
All the plagues and burdens earth can span,
Heaps the Goddess's remorseless soul
On the shoulders of the hated man,
Till he has attain'd the goal,—

Till the God, of earthiness unclad,
In the flames adieu to mortals bade ;
Then the light empyreal air he drinks ;
Joyous at the new unwonted flight
Flees he upwards, until out of sight
Dreamy earth's existence sinks, and sinks.
There Jove's festival the new God seeks,
Whither harmonies of Heav'n beguile ;
And the Goddess with the rosy cheeks
Hands him wine with welcome smile.

FAIR SUSAN.

BÜRGER.

FAIR Susan length of time I knew—

Fair Susan ! lady fine ;

Both virtuous and modest too,

That well I could divine ;

I came and went, I went and came,

Like Ocean's ebb and flow ;

I lik'd it well whene'er I came,

Nor ill when forc'd to go.

It happen'd when some time was spent,

I felt no more the same ;

I was most sorry when I went,

Most joyous when I came.

I had no sport the time to kill,

No business too but her ;

I felt in soul and body ill,

And felt I nought but her.

Then would I, stupid, dumb, and deaf,

Her only hear and see ;

Saw blooming nowhere flower or leaf,

But Susan bloom'd for me.

Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars were bright,

She only on me shin'd ;

I gaz'd as through meridian light,

And gaz'd till I was blind.

There came another time again,

And all was chang'd once more ;

Yet modest did she still remain,
And lovely as before.
I came and went, I went and came,
Like Ocean's ebb and flow ;
I was right happy when I came,
Just so when I did go.

Ye wise, of learning deep and rare,
Have ye found out, and wist
How, where, and when all tallies there,<
And why we lov'd and kiss'd ?
Ye wiseheads, come and tell me then,
And analyze to me ;
And analyze how, where, and when,
And why it thus should be !

I thought myself, both night and day,
Again both day and night,

How these strange things thus took their way,

Yet ne'er could on it light.

Then love is like the wind at sea,

You hear well when it blows ;

But whence it comes is mystery,

As well as where it goes.

SEHNSUCHT.

SCHILLER.

OH ! from out this lone deep vale,
Which the misty clouds brood o'er,
How I would a pathway hail !
Ah ! what joy unknown before !
Lovely hills I there descry,
Ever young and green as May ;
Had I pinions, could I fly,
To these hills I'd flee away.

In my ears soft music rings,
Tones of sweet and heav'nly rest ;

And the Zephyr to me brings
Balsam from the perfum'd West.
Golden fruits there see I glow
'Mid the dark leaves gleaming bright ;
There the flowers that bud and blow
Are no prey to Winter's might.

Ah ! how sweet to roam at will
Ever in the sunshine there,
And the breeze on ev'ry hill,
O what cool delicious air !
But the stream my prayer denies,
Roaring in its fury past,
Higher yet its billows rise,
And my heart shrinks back aghast.

See a bark there downwards spin !
But alas ! the pilot fails ;

Haste ! with footstep firm spring in !

Fraught with life are all its sails ;

Thou must trust, and thou must dare,

For the gods ne'er lend a hand ;

Thee can but a wonder bear

To the lovely wonder-land.

THE MAIDEN'S COMPLAINT.

SCHILLER.

THE oaks are groaning,
The clouds sweep by,
There sits a maiden
The green shore nigh ;
The wave it is breaking with might, with might,
And she sighs out into the darksome night,
Her eyes with weeping o'ercast—

The heart it is broken,
And empty is earth,
It holdeth no more
What to me is worth.

Thy child, O thou Holy One ! quickly recall,
The joy of the world I have tasted it all,
I have liv'd and have lov'd too at last.

Her tears they run down
In a stream in vain,
Her plaining it wakes not
The dead one again ;
Yet name what can heal and can comfort the breast,
That with love's sweetest pleasures no longer is blest,
This will I declare from above—

Let tears still run on
In their course in vain,
Though plaining should wake not
The dead one again ;
The sweetest delight for the sorrowful breast,
When with its fair joys it no longer is blest,
Are the pains and the plainings of love.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

BÜRGER.

THE Rhenish Count blew shrill and clear :
“ Halloh, halloh ! to horse and foot ! ”
High did his snorting steed uprear ;
Then forth the clatt’ring pack did shoot ;
Loud yelp’d and bark’d they, free from couple,
Through corn and thorns, o’er heath and stubble.

By Sunday morn’s first beams illum’d
The high Cathedral’s dome shone white ;
And solemnly the clear bell boom’d
Its summons to the sacred rite ;

And sweetly from afar the song
Rose from the pious Christian throng.

And hurry scurry over stile,
With tally ho ! and huzza ! clear,
See, see ! came right and left the while
A rider there, a rider here !
The right man's horse was silver'd o'er,
A fiery red the left man bore.

Who were the knights on left and right ?
I guess'd the truth, yet could not say.
He on the right seem'd fair to sight,
With countenance like Spring's mild day ;
The left man's dark and hateful eye
Shot lightning like the thunder-sky.

“ Thrice welcome here at time of tryste,
Right welcome to the noble chase !

There is in earth or heav'n, I wist,
No sport that cheers with better grace !"—
This said, he slapp'd his portly side,
And wav'd his hat around him wide.

" Thy bugle's blast accords not well,"
Said the right man of softer mood,
" With choral chaunt and church's bell ;
Turn back ! This day thou find'st no good ;
Hear thy good Angel's warning call,
Nor into Satan's ambush fall."—

" Hunt on, my gentle sir, hunt on !"
Quick the left rider fell in here,
" Who cares for bells or whining moan ?
The huntsman's bass may bring you cheer !
By me in princely lore be school'd,
Nor be by yonder man befool'd."—

“ Well spoken out, my left-hand man !

A hero to my mind art thou !

Let him who with the hounds ne’er ran

Hum o’er his paternosters now.

If thee, meek fool, the sport displease,

Still I my cravings must appease.”—

And splash dash onwards they are gone,

Up hill and down, through fields they ride ;

The riders right and left rode on,

Close to the Count on either side.

Up from afar a white stag sprung,

And high his sixteen branches flung.

The Count he blew his horn the more,

Both horse and foot yet quicker sped,

And see ! behind, and now before,

One of the pack fell down stone-dead.

“ Plague on’t ! To hell then let it tramp,
This need not princely pleasures damp ! ”—

In a corn-field the deer low lies,
Hoping there safe itself to screen,
When see ! a humble peasant tries
To sue for grace with suppliant mien :
“ Oh ! spare, good sir, in pity spare
The fruits of all a poor man’s care ! ”—

The rider on the right began
To warn the Count, both soft and good ;
Yet spurs him on that left-hand man
To wanton and to wicked mood.
He sets the right man’s words at nought,
And by the left man’s snare is caught.

“ Away, thou dog,” he wildly grunts
Unto the ploughman bending low,

“ Or thee my pack, by Jove, now hunts ;
Yoicks ! my good fellows, tally ho !
To prove how true the oath he hears,
Crack the good whip about his ears ! ” —

’Twas said and done ! The wild Count sprang
O’er pales and hedges in the van,
And fast behind, with crack and clang,
Came huntsman, hound, and horse, and man ;
Hound, horse, and man the corn down trod,
Till reeking grew the beaten sod.

Scar’d by the ever nearing din,
Up hill and down, o’er fields and plains,
Breathless, pursued, yet hard to win,
The deer the common now attains,
And mingles, thus its life to spare,
With the tame cattle browsing there.

Yet there and here, through plain and wood,
And here and there, through wood and plain,
By the fleet hounds 'tis soon pursued,
Trac'd out by where its scent has lain.
The herdsman, who foresees the peril,
Casts himself down before the Earl.

“ Oh ! mercy, sir, in peace allow
My quiet cattle down to lie !
Here many a poor widow's cow
Is grazing, sir, so quietly !
Spare to the poor their one and all !
Oh ! list, dear sir, to mercy's call ! ”—

The right-hand knight springs to the van
And warns the Count, both soft and good ;
Yet spurs him on that left-hand man
To wanton and to wicked mood.

He sets the right man's words at nought,
And by the left man's snare is caught.

“ Audacious dog, *thou* keepst me back !
Ah ! would that to thine own best cow
Thou wouldst thyself right firmly tack,
And ev'ry rascal were as thou !
Such joy would to my heart be given,
And I would hunt you straight to heaven !

“ Ho ! comrades, let us now be gone,
Yoicks ! tally ho ! tralarala ! ”—
And ev'ry hound fell raging on
Whate'er he close before him saw.
Red with his blood the boor down fell,
And red with blood the herd pell-mell.

The deer in ever slacker flight
By murd'rous howls is still pursued ;

With blood bestain'd, with foam-drops white
It rushes headlong to the wood,
Where seeking out its darkest haunts
Within a hermit's cave it pants.

•

With crack of whip still onwards borne,
With tally ho ! and huzza loud,
And bark and yelp, and blast of horn,
Close follows it the madden'd crowd.
There with entreaty soft and grave
The hermit steps from out his cave.

“ Leave off, leave off, sir, from this scent !
Nor thus God's holy place profane !
To Heav'n ascends the deer's lament,
It calls God's wrath on thee to rain.
For the last time, then, take this warning,
Nor be to ruin wiled through scorning.”

The right man springs up to the van,
And warns the Count, both soft and good ;
Yet spurs him on that left-hand man
To wanton and to wicked mood ;
And wo ! in spite of his " beware ! "
He falls into the left man's snare.

" O ruin here and ruin there !
That never me," he cries, " can awe ;
And if in the third heav'n I were,
I would not care for it a straw !
It may thee, fool, and God displease,
My cravings I will still appease ! "

He cracks his whip, takes up his horn ;
" Halloh ! my comrades, one and all ! "
Ha ! off the cave and man are borne,
And horse and rider out of call ;

At once shout, knell, and bay of hound
In deathlike stilliness are drown'd.

The Count looks round with sudden fear,
He blows his horn—it soundeth not ;
He calls—his voice he does not hear ;
His waving whip no crack has got ;
He spurs his horse to either side,
And can nor back nor forwards ride.

On this all dark it grows around,
And ever darker like a pall ;
And comes a hollow surge-like sound.—
High o'er his head is heard to call,
Like the wild voice of the simoom,
In thunder accents this dread doom :—

“ Thou tyrant, into devil grown !
Who God and man and beast defies,

This creature's pangs and dying moan,
And all thy cruel injuries,
Loudly to judgment thee demand,
Where flaming high is vengeance' brand.

“Curse, monster, curse thy fate ; and now
From this time forth, for evermore
By hell and devils chas'd be thou !
The princes' dread the wide world o'er,
Who, infamous desires to sate,
Creator and created hate.”—

An arch of sulph'rous yellow hue
Spans the wide mass of leafy boughs ;
Pains twinge his bones and marrow through ;
So hot, so dull, so deaf he grows !
Cold horror meets him in the face,
And whistling storms come on apace.

The horror moans, and howls the storm ;
Out from the earth, see ! see ! is pass'd
A swarthy fist of giant form ;
It opens wide, it clenches fast ;
Within his hair that fist is clench'd,
And round by it his face is wrench'd.

There flames and flickers high and higher
A green and blue and blood-red flood ;
There waves around a sea of fire,
And in it dance a hellish brood ;
There jumps up straightway hound on hound,
Loud baying, from the yawning ground.

Away through wood and field he tore,
Shrill shrieks and groans still howling out ;
Yet after him the wide world o'er,
Loud baying, rush that hellish rout

Deep through earth's caverns when 'tis light,
High through the air at dead of night.

Turn'd to his back his face still stays,
So hurried is his onward flight !
He must upon that monster gaze,
Loud hounded on by Evil sprite ;
Must see these jaws still gape and clap,
And still at him they seem to snap.

That is the wild and rabble chase
Which to the latest day shall last ;
With dread the youth who lacketh grace
At midnight sees it rushing past ;
This could (but silent all must rest)
Full many a huntsman's lips attest.

ELFIN.

BÜRGER.

My Elfin holds me firmly tied

In love's securest noose ;

I'm ever with her by her side,

She never lets me loose.

I dare not farther than the band

By which she holds me tight ;

She leads me forward by the hand

From morning until night.

Oh ! fast within her clutch this elf

Confines me as her own,

I dare not dance but with herself,

Nor go to sup alone.

And I in truth an honest man

Her only see and hear,

And in her eyes well read I can

When Yes and No appear.

Who, Elfin, can be more for thee,

And who for me too born?

Oh, Elfin! without thee and me

Are I and thou forlorn.

When once Death's scythe is clinking here

To mow down thee or me,

O gracious Heaven! how woesome near

To thee or me 'twill be!

NEW LOVE, NEW LIFE.

GOETHE.

HEART, my heart! oh! why this strife?

What oppresses thee so sore?

What a new and strange-like life!

I would know thee now no more.

Gone is all thou us'dst to love,

Gone is all that once could move,

Gone thine industry and bliss—

Ah! how camest thou to this?

Fetters thee the bloom of youth,

And this figure fair and light,

This eye's gentleness and truth

With a never-ending might ?

Would I no more with her stay,

Play the truant, run away—

Ah ! to her my chosen track

Leadeth me that moment back.

And by this enchanted thread,

Which to break I've tried in vain,

By this wily maid I'm led

In a most unwilling chain ;—

Must within her fairy line

Lead the life she may opine.

Ah ! how great the changes grow,

Love, O Love ! O let me go !

CHEERFULNESS.

SALIS.

SEE how the sun in its glory appears !
Blue is the heaven, and green 'tis below,
Grief is a discord in song of the spheres !
Wears then Creation the garment of wo ?
Lift up the eyes which sink sadly to earth,
Lift up the eyes, for the lovely abounds,
Virtue itself ever leads us to mirth ;
Joy is the prize with which wisdom is crown'd.

Open the soul to the bliss that illumines,
Hear ! it is heard in the linnet's low song ;

Breath ! it the thickets of roses perfumes ;
Feel ! it is rippling the small brook along ;
Taste ! in the juice of the soft grape it glows,
Seasons the fruits in the wild rural bowers ;
See ! in each herb and leaf greener it grows,
Paints us the view of the valley of flowers.

Friends ! why is gliding the womanly tear
Over the cheek of your ripening bloom ?
Fit then for men do weak longings appear ?
Wish you, like cowards, the mouldering tomb ?
Nobler things still to achieve we must stay,
Much that is good too has not yet been done ;
Duty's fulfilment does cheerfulness pay,
Peace shadows over the goal that is won.

Manifold troubles and manifold smart
Pain us in truth, and the fault is our own ;

Hope is a balm to the sore-smitten heart,
Patience will strengthen the patient alone.
Grayer when shadow of pensiveness grows,
Lift to the stars then the low-drooping mind,
Foster but manly and lofty repose,
Once at the end, there success you will find.

Let us with joy see Creation so fair,
God's blessed nature is charming all o'er !
But let us silence the needy man's prayer,
Joys of beneficence charm us still more.
Love too, for love is the impulse most sweet,
If but by innocence blest be its glow,
But you must love too, with love wise and meet,
All that is good, fair, and noble below.

Work! for through business the wise man is seen,
With it are glory undying and praise ;

Mark with your deeds then the giddy routine
Of the swift cycle of on-rolling days.
Bless the great circle that arches us round,
Use its advantages too as each may,
All then in silent enchantment is drown'd !
Oh ! this can brighten the gloomiest day !


Courage ! for woes are when once at an end
Balm to the soul, as to meadows the dew !
Tombs, o'er which cypresses lowly depend,
Soon are adorn'd by Forget-me-nots blue.
Friends ! to rejoice we assuredly ought ;
Joy is the Father's exalted command ;
Joy has to innocence ill never wrought ;
Smiles she through roses when death is at hand.

RIFLEMAN'S SONG.

BÜRGER.

WITH clang of horn and merry song,
As if in sporting plight,
So draw we huntsmen in glad mood,
If for our Father-land 'tis good,
Out to the field of fight.

Well used are we from childhood up
Through wood and field to steer,
We climb the hill and rocky steep,
Through bog and fen we wade knee-deep,
And sedge and hedge we clear.



The storm and rain we do not heed,

Nor hail, nor frost, nor snow.

In heat or cold, by day or night,

For sentry-post or march all's right !

As if for stag or doe.

We need not for our humble meal

Or pots, or pans, or grills,

When hungry but a bit of bread,

Or mouthful, when with thirst half-dead,

Our pain and pinching stills.

Where valiant huntsmen are at hand,

There is assistance fit,

For art makes strength and mind to tell,

We take quick aim, we hit it well,

Down comes too what we hit.

And should our heart's-blood colour soon

The field of battle red,

This frightens not our gallant band,

Since death for their own Father-land

The brave could never dread.

And lies there right, and lies there left

So many a valiant one !

The good still wander hand in hand,

Rejoicing through the living land

Where farther falls there none.

Doth foeman's lead then always hit ?

And always wounds his sword ?

More often leads the luck of war

Us back without a single scar

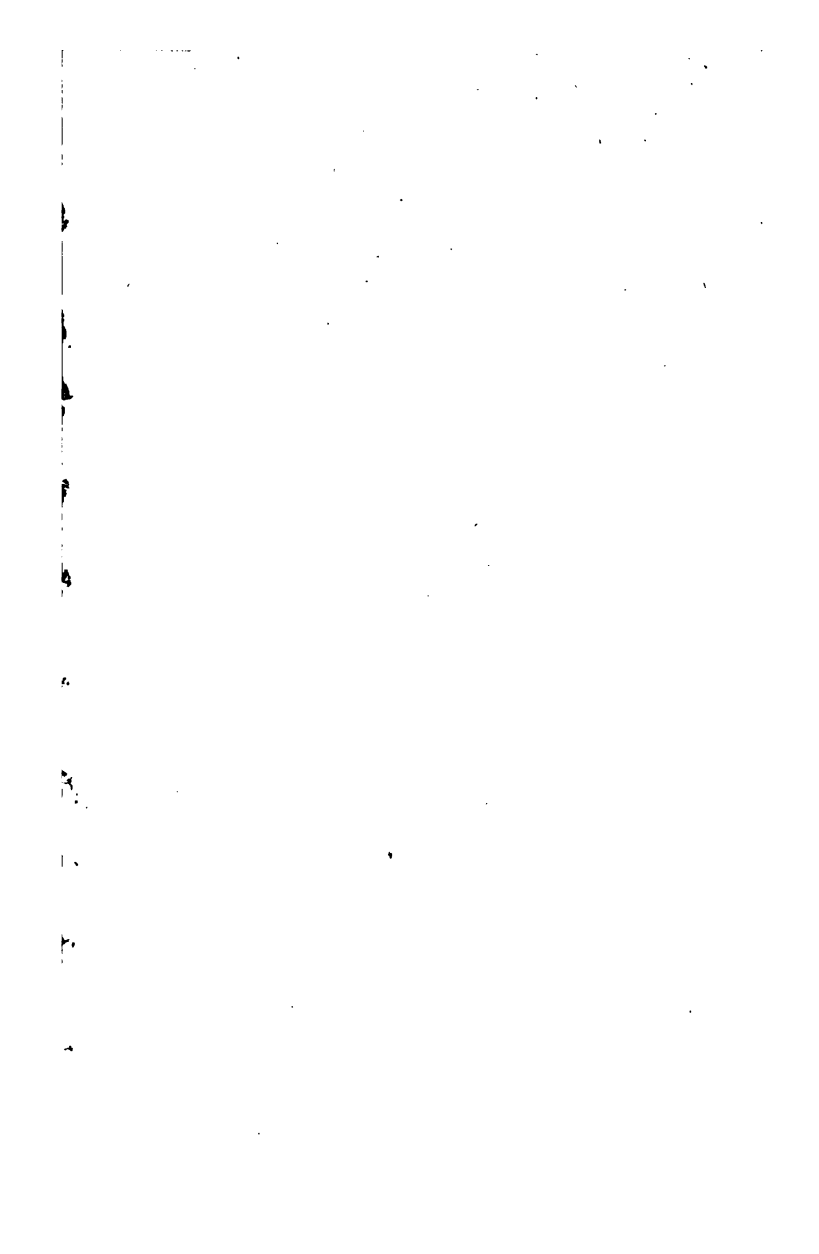
From out the murd'rous horde.

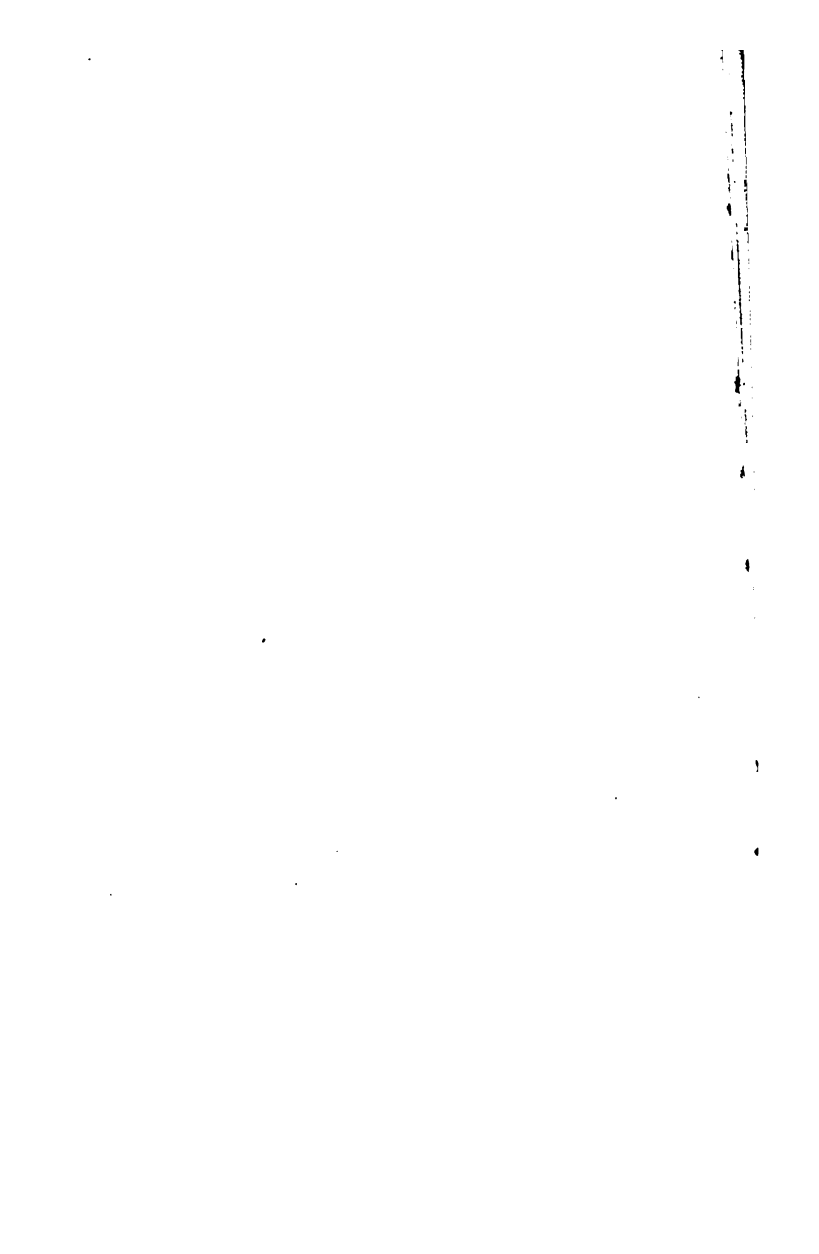
Then hold we there high festival
 O'er bishop, punch, and wine ;
 To joyous dance, too, we invite,
 Around the banner of the fight,
 The fairest of the fine.

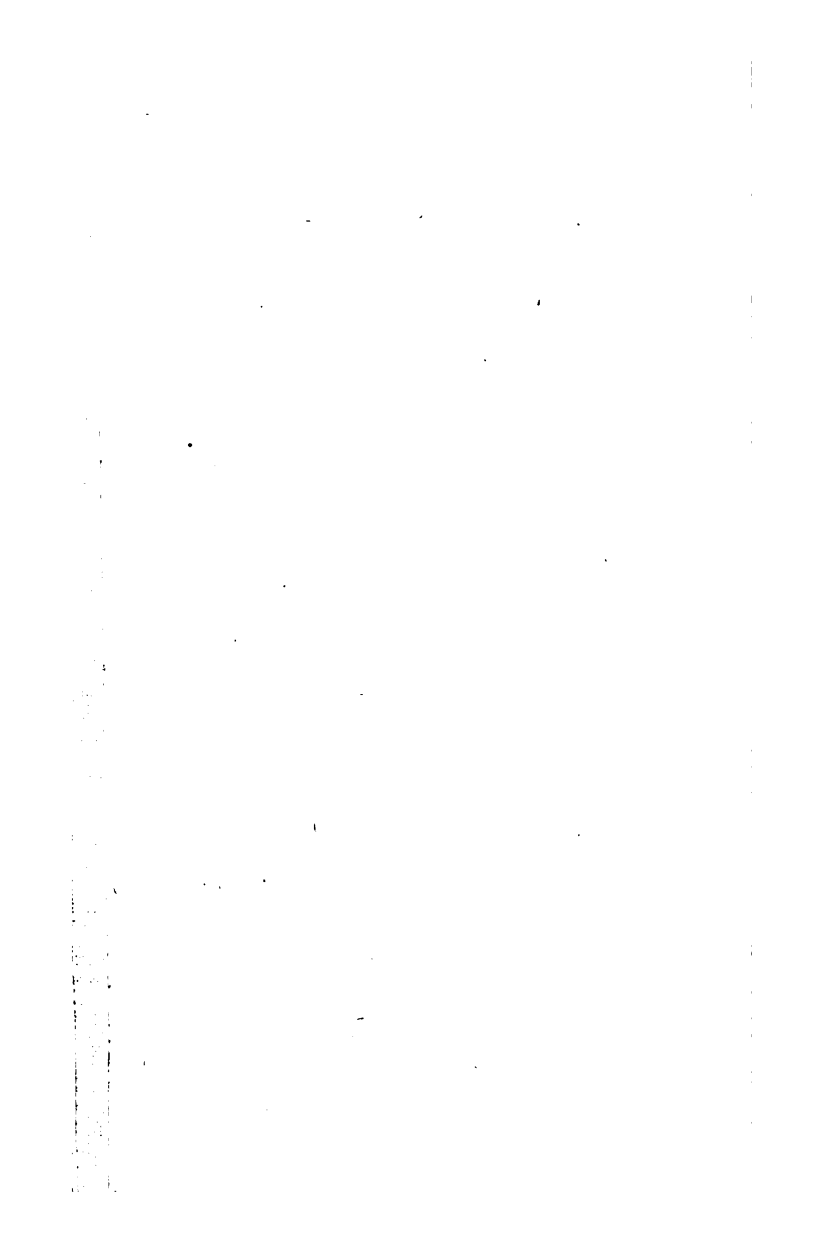
And ev'ry huntsman lauds the day
 He march'd to victory ;
 With clang of horn and goblet long
 Re-echoes loud the choral song—
 “ The brave man, long live he ! ”

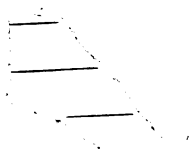
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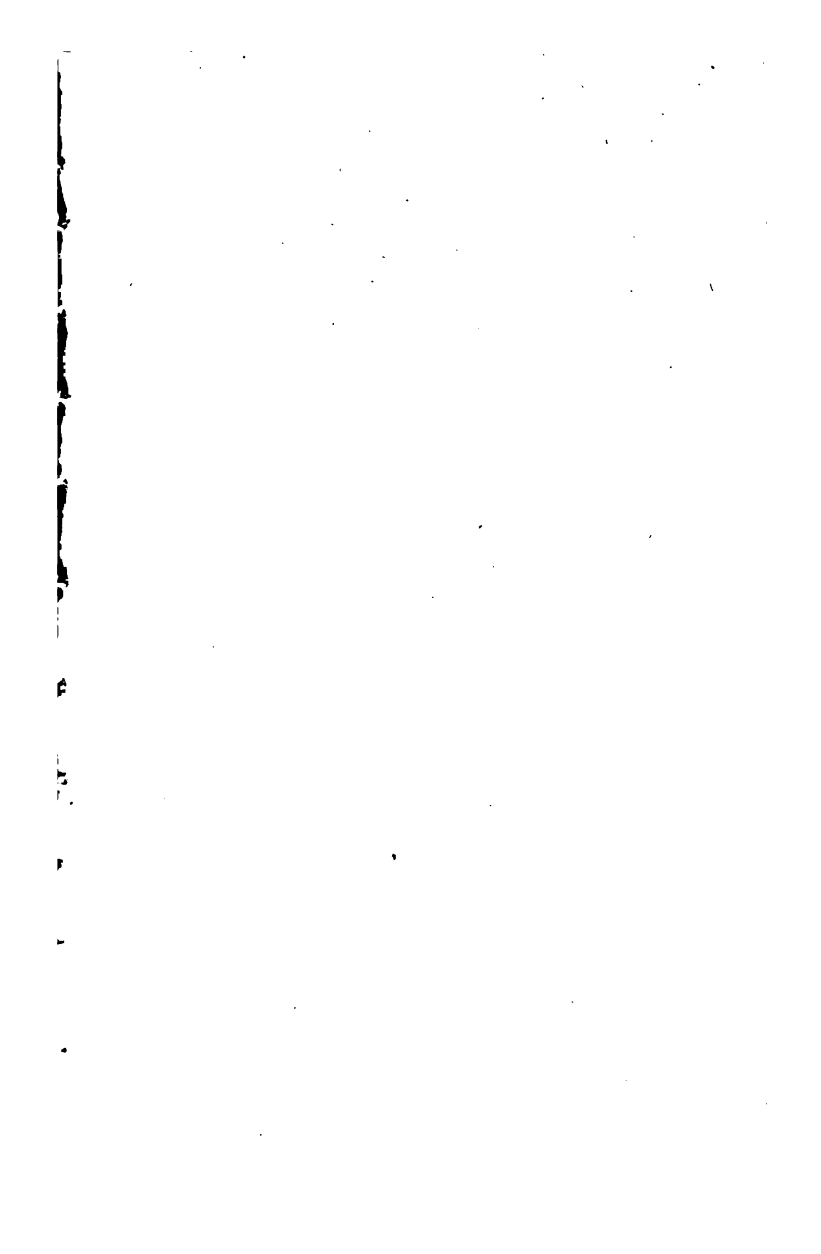


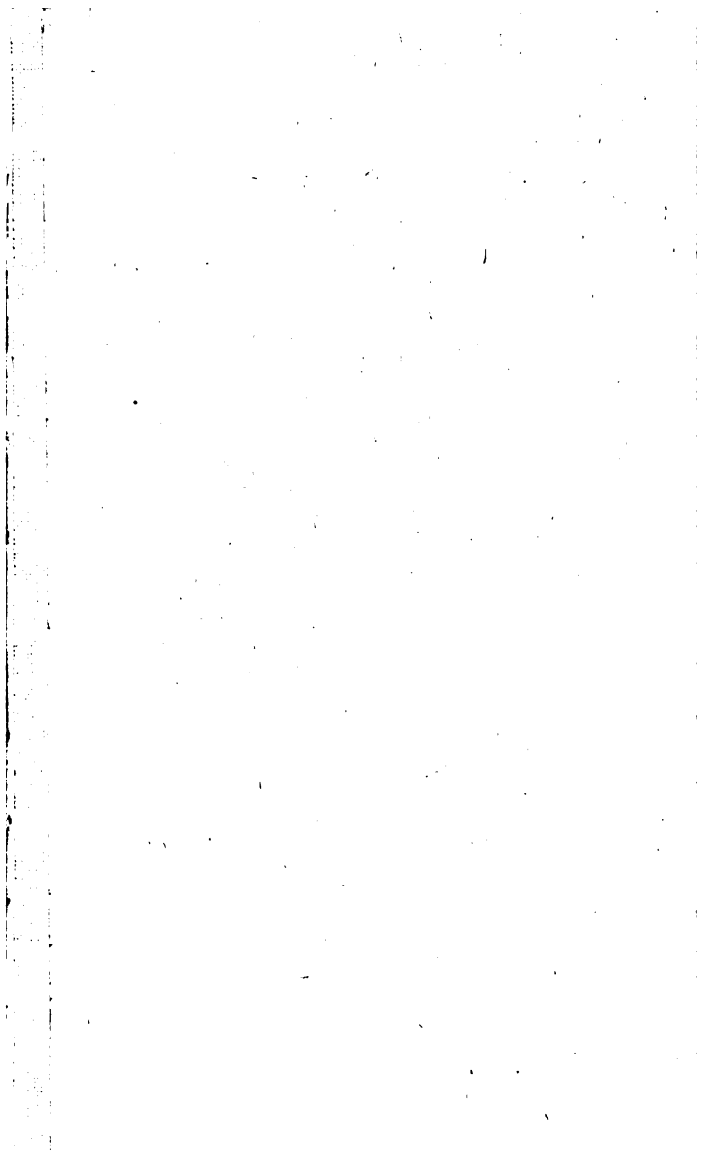




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